

The Nation.

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The Week.

MR. SHERMAN has explained that remarkable interview of his with the editor of the *Washington Sunday Republic*. It appears that the report was substantially correct, except that the Secretary did not agree with the editor in his opinions about an "interconvertible bond," and instead of saying that the national-bank notes ought to be and would be legislated out of existence, what he said was, "that if the choice be made between the greenbacks and the bank-notes, he was in favor of the greenbacks, but he thought both ought to be maintained in circulation at par with each other and with coin." Moreover, he did not "revise" the report, nor "change" it. It was read to him, and, though "colored," was "in the main correct so far as it went." The Secretary says, too, that the editors malign him shockingly. Instead of being opposed to anything, he is, it would appear, in favor of almost everything, provided it is kept "at par." He does not care how many kinds of money there are, or how much of it, if it is kept at par, and he thinks that he can keep anything at par, if you give him time and have confidence in his inner counsels. In fact, if any of the parties now in the field think they are going to "antagonize" him they are greatly mistaken. No organization is strong enough to keep him from agreeing with it.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention last week did no uncertain work. Its nominations were made without dissent and will unite all the elements of the party which are not irretrievably lost to Butler in a strong effort for success. Its platform is definite, direct, and uncompromising in all its declarations. It "rejoices in the prospect of speedy resumption," and its demand that "all paper currency shall be redeemable in coin at the will of the holder, and that both coin and currency shall be kept at all times at par with the gold standard of the commercial world" has become a watchword of sound finance, has been adopted by the Connecticut Republicans, and is to be fought for at Saratoga. It resolves that those who are teaching that Massachusetts society is made up of hostile classes are "public enemies," and denounces Butler as an "open repudiator." It is noticeable that the civil-service plank, which is of the strongest, is removed from the endorsement of the President and his Administration, which shows that, while commending "his purposes and integrity," and supporting his financial and Southern policies, Massachusetts Republicanism is not willing to accept him as a sufficient civil-service reform. Altogether, the conduct of the Convention was, to a remarkable degree, dignified, honest, and deserving of respect, and is the best indication we have yet had of the reserved strength of Massachusetts against such an enemy as Butler.

On the other hand there have been some remarkable conversions wrought by the present panic in the Republican ranks, of which perhaps the most striking is that of Mr. Eugene Hale, whose "two months' education," to use his own words, have filled him with a wisdom he never knew before. There was a time when Mr. Hale wished the Republicans "to father the greenback," but now he is unhesitating in his declaration of the impossibility of carrying on the Republican campaign upon any other than a hard-money basis. Doubtless it is a political perception that in the greenback heresy the Democrats can outbid the Republicans, rather than an increase of economic knowledge, which has led Mr. Hale to these conclusions, but however brought about, it seems to grow clearer each day that the Republican party is slowly being transformed into a hard-money party as the Democrats are melting away into the Greenbackers.

As we go to press it is undecided whether the Tammany or the anti-Tammany wing of the Democratic party is to control the Convention at Syracuse, though within the past few weeks the probability of Tammany's being able to make use of the occasion to strengthen its hold upon the machine throughout the State has appeared to be declining. To persons who are not politicians, and merely desire good government in the city and State, the Convention presents several interesting problems. On one side there is John Kelly, the present Boss, who now governs the city and last year captured the State ticket and the State Committee. On the other side there is Governor Robinson, a strong partisan, but an efficient and honest governor, who represents the "reform" movement of a few years ago, which took the canals and prisons out of politics and put Mr. Tilden at the head of the party in this State. On one side, again, there is the United Democracy of this city, which consists of anti-Tammany factions of all sorts, with leaders of the most diverse political and moral complexion, from Edward Cooper and Oswald Ottendorfer, representing that part of Tammany Hall which recently rebelled against Kelly, to "Jimmy" O'Brien and other malecontents who have had claims of one kind and another upon the public for some years, and have had no means of prosecuting them since the Tweed period, although they have certainly presented them whenever an opportunity has been furnished by a municipal election. Joined with these, and making use of them for his own purposes, is undoubtedly Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, to whose fertile brain we suppose may be attributed the invention of a very ingenious political device—the "enrolment" of the United Democrats in opposition to Tammany. The Greenbackers have, we believe, held aloof from both sides, with the intention of compelling both to bid for their vote, and they appear to have succeeded in producing in the anti-Tammany press an ominous silence on the financial question. The Convention has to nominate a judge of the Court of Appeals and to express itself upon Governor Robinson's administration. The two factions have, by common consent, joined issue on this point, and an endorsement of the Governor would accordingly mean a Tilden and anti-Tammany victory, while the reverse would mean the triumph of Kelly. The union of the warring factions in this city against the latter is a most formidable combination, and if Kelly beats it he will practically have the city in his hands as long as he pleases. If he is beaten, his downfall will point the useful moral, which we have never failed to insist upon in these columns, that a man elevated to the high position of Boss ought always to try to be a good Boss; and that the "one-man" power, though it may be temporarily triumphant, can never be permanently so if "the people" do not like it.

Ex-Senator Carpenter has learned a lesson of Butler, and has had circulated a petition, which he is said to have revised, asking him to become a candidate for the United States Senate. It has received several thousand signatures, and now Mr. Carpenter publishes a letter of acceptance expressing his pleasure, and setting forth the duty of each citizen to hold office when called upon to do so, as much as to pay taxes. A day or two later he said he hoped to succeed unless the Nationals should hold the balance of power in the Legislature, in which case there would be some doubt. This remark alone should prevent his election, without any need of reference to his past sins, for it shows his willingness to compromise with the Nationals, since he knows that he cannot hope for an election at their hands unless he pledges himself to their financial views; on the other hand this should ruin his chances with all the Republicans, if, at any rate, their platform means anything. Carpenter, however, is not alone in his longing remembrance of the loaves and fishes of Washington in Grant's day. Ex-Secretary Robeson is anxious once more to subject his character to the glare of public life, and has obtained the regular nomination for Congress from New Jersey.

He remarks, very truly, in his acceptance that "the Republican party has been the meat and drink of his political life," and he comes forward now "to vindicate the administration of Grant." Godlove Orth, too, who had to give up running for the governorship of Indiana because of his connection with corrupt claims against Venezuela, is a candidate for Congress with fair chances of success. The character of these men and their like was one of the main causes of the recent defeats of the Republican party, and their return to public life is not only an ill-omened sign for that party but is a serious comment on the political morality of the constituencies which they represent.

Some little time ago twenty-one citizens of Cincinnati, of both parties, remembering the electoral frauds there two years ago, which resulted in sending a Democrat to Congress and some of his supporters to jail, petitioned the United States Circuit Court to appoint, as it is by law commanded to do upon proper application, supervisors of elections. The Court proceeded without hesitation to discharge its duty, and called to council several leading politicians of both parties, that its appointment might be intelligent and satisfactory. Everything went on smoothly, it appears, until Senator Thurman's "man" appeared in the court-room, after consultation with whom the Democrats, through Judge Hoadly, receded, and stated that the law was unconstitutional, and the past action, principles, and dignity of their party would not allow them to recognize it, or to aid in such an unwarranted interference with State sovereignty. Later, Judge Hoadly argued before the Court that the act of appointment called for was not judicial, and asked the Court to refuse to perform it, according to well-known principles. The Court ruled that the appointment was a judicial act and constitutional, and a separate question from the character of the powers thus devolved upon the appointee. Cincinnati is, therefore, to have a better chance for a fair election than for some time past, and it is not improbable that this fact may mean the return of a Republican to Congress. The concern of the Democrats for the sanctity of the Constitution would meet with more respect were it not that these frauds usually operate in their favor. Meanwhile, the churlishness of Senator Thurman in refusing his aid toward a fair election will not lend any new lustre to his rapidly waning reputation.

One of the disgraceful scenes of the week has been the license allowed a wretched demagogue at Washington, named Cohen, who, at the head of a rabble mostly composed of negroes, went about making inflammatory speeches and compelling all laborers who were getting less than \$1 50 a day to quit work. He had previously had the honor of an interview with the Secretary of the Treasury, accompanied by a portion of his followers; and, while the steps of the public buildings were left free to him as a forum, the police were reinforced and troops held in readiness for the threatened attacks on public and private property. By and by it was discovered that a simple police order was sufficient authority for suppressing the nuisance, a few arrests were made, the gang quickly dispersed, and Cohen humbly promised to hold his peace.

The yellow fever appears to have passed its worst, and although latest advices bring news of its fresh increase, it is believed that this is only temporary and will cease with the present unfavorable weather. There is no decrease, however, in the suffering and misery, and effort for relief should be more vigorous and not lessened. The business stagnation, the lack of work, the demoralizing effect of pestilence in destroying ordinary motives to industry, remain, and will not cease to affect the people for many weeks. The public press has recently given its attention mainly to the scientific and medical aspects of the disease, and has been calling loudly for a more thorough and official examination of it; and it is a strange comment on our humanity that, with such abundant opportunity to study the disease, so little is known of it.

The outbreak of the Cheyenne Indians, who have broken away from the Fort Reno Agency and are trying to join Sitting Bull's forces in the north, is the result of the same disgraceful conduct on our part as was shown toward the Bannocks. General Sheridan says that "insufficient food and irregularity in delivering it," together with jealousy of privileges granted to neighboring tribes but withheld from themselves, are the general causes of the Indians' dissatisfaction. Lieut.-Col. Lewis reports that some of the Cheyennes had been forced to eat the flesh of horses who had died from disease. Under these circumstances decent people will feel more sympathy than hostility toward the tribe, and will not wonder at the present exhibition of their primitive ferocity in murder and rapine on their northward course. They have defeated two companies of cavalry sent against them, and are now entrenched and fighting on Sand Creek in Kansas, whither all the available United States troops are being hurried from the Departments of the Missouri and the Platte.

The threatened reopening of the Eastern Question depressed British consols $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, and left the London market at the close of the week in an apprehensive condition. Except for this, the financial markets were dull and sluggish. United States bonds continue to return from Europe; but it is becoming difficult to get them, so largely has the stock there been reduced by shipments to this country since the silver legislation of last winter. The sales of the 4 per cents here have fallen off somewhat, although they continue large. No further orders have been issued this week by the Treasury respecting silver dollars, and the bulk of the \$12,000,000 coined is warehoused in the Treasury. The price of silver bullion has stood at $51\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $51\frac{3}{4}d.$ per ounce in London, and the bullion value of each of the dollars has ranged between \$0.87001 and \$0.8739 gold. Rates in the money market continue to rule very low, and from the low time-loan rates it is inferred that lenders do not expect to get above 5 per cent. any time this year. The Bank of England continues to gain specie, but the actual discount in London is no lower. General trade in the United States is fairly good, notwithstanding the damage done to it directly and indirectly by the yellow fever.

The result of the election in Canada was a victory quite unexpected, at least in its magnitude, for the Opposition. The Government had a majority of sixty in the last Parliament; the Opposition will have at least the same majority in the next. The Protection cry did something, though chiefly in the cities and in Upper Canada. Commercial depression, which begets a general desire for change, probably did more. A good deal was due also to the sheer unpopularity of the Government and its principal supporters. It came in with loud professions of reform which it is held to have belied. The stratagem by which, on the eve of the elections, it captured the local government of Quebec, with all the patronage and influence pertaining to it, was a deathblow to its pretensions of purity. There is a general feeling of satisfaction, even among non-partisans, at its departure. Sir John Macdonald, the leader of the Opposition, and now Premier elect, has lost his own election at Kingston, owing no doubt to local causes. He will of course be provided with a seat somewhere else.

The Austrians have made solid progress during the week, and in the extreme west, east, and south have been both active and victorious. General Jovanovich, by the capture of Klobuk, a stronghold on the border of Montenegro, completed the overthrow of the Herzegovinian insurgents. On Thursday General Zach compelled the surrender of the citadel of Bihatch. The combined movement against Zvornik began on Saturday, after the preliminary work of reducing the fortified places along the Save had been successfully accomplished, in spite of stubborn resistance. On the extreme left General Budich took possession of Bičina; General Szapary, further south, of Tuzla, besides dislodging the enemy at the Mayevitz Hills, on the road to Bičina; the next southern column, of Olovo; and, finally, the force sent out from Serajevo defeated a formidable

body of entrenched insurgents and regulars near Senkovitz. This advance of the line presses the enemy heavily back upon the Servian frontier, and their collapse is evidently close at hand. It is doubtful if the rumors of an Austrian alliance with Servia and Montenegro for the campaign had any foundation whatever; and the need of one has certainly now passed away.

The Russians have left the neighborhood of Constantinople, and Turkey has surrendered Batum and has politely agreed to settle the new line of frontier with Montenegro, so that there appears to be no important part of the Treaty of Berlin now left unexecuted, except the concession to Greece, about which the Turks refuse to say anything further until they hear from the Powers in reply to Saffet Pasha's memorandum; but France, at least, is again reported to have distinctly intimated to the Porte that, in case of hostilities, maritime operations against Greece will not be permitted. Lord Beaconsfield's wonderful story in the House of Lords about the American missionaries in Turkey having joined in a memorial to the German Emperor at the outbreak of the war, telling him that the improvement in the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte had, within their knowledge, been "most remarkable"; that "the regard for life and property was now most striking"; and that "education was largely pursued and toleration almost complete," and that "these changes could only be effected by the Sultan himself," turns out to be as unsubstantial as the 'Tale of Alroy.' One of the missionaries writes to the *London Times*, on his own behalf and that of others, to say that no such document was ever written or sent, and that his lordship's statement has brought them into discredit with the Christian population of Turkey, and has led to their being accused of falsehood by the leading Armenian paper, the *Masis*, and of hypocrisy in telling one story about the condition of the Christians in their own Armenian paper, the *Avedaper*, and another in the Memorandum. So they express in mild terms the wish that Lord Beaconsfield would be more accurate and let them alone.

The news received in England from Afghanistan is in many ways alarming. The Amir has definitively and firmly refused to allow the Chamberlain embassy to enter his territory, and displayed force enough to defend the entrance of the Khyber Pass; so it has returned to Peshawur. As in the meantime the Russian mission is quietly installed at Cabul the inference is strong that he is acting under Russian influence, and that prompt measures must be taken by the Indian Government to satisfy him that he has made a mistake in refusing the British alliance. Nothing has been heard of his long-imprisoned and able son, Yakub Khan, and it is supposed either that he has not been released or has been broken down by his father's cruelty, so that the hopes entertained in India of his being declared the Amir's heir and restored to office are greatly weakened or destroyed. It is now most probable, if the Beaconsfield Ministry adhere to their policy, that a heavy force will be sent to occupy Afghanistan and seize Herat, a course which a strong party of Indian and English politicians have been advocating for years as the best mode of meeting Russian aggression. Already it is announced that dispositions of troops have been made with a view to immediate invasion, if necessary. Herat is a centre on which all the great roads both from Hindostan, Persia, and Central Asia converge; whoever holds it commands all approaches to India from the northward except the impracticable passes over the mountains. It is a position of enormous natural strength, and is surrounded by earthworks on a vast scale, thrown up in prehistoric times, and with finishing touches from European engineers it would be impregnable. If Russia were to get hold of it, it would become an admirable base for an attack on India; in British hands it would make an attack on India impossible. Both Powers have been hankering after it for forty years; it remains to be seen now whether the British will boldly seize it and convert the Amir into a tributary prince, with a Resident at his court. The diplomatic operations of the Russians and the defiant attitude of the Amir under

their influence show that they, at least, do not consider the Eastern Question settled by the Treaty of Berlin.

The accounts from the cotton districts in England describe a state of things that has grown gloomier since the failure of the late strike, and there is no prospect as yet of improvement. The ten per cent. reduction of wages has not mended matters. Foreign competition, particularly that of the United States and Switzerland, continues as formidable as ever, and the price of cotton does not show any sign of helping matters by declining. Both manufacturers and workmen are puzzled and troubled, and the crisis threatens to assume national importance. The only point on which there seems to be general agreement is, that the manufacturers have, innocently or not, done much to bring it on, by the recklessness with which mills have been multiplied during the last ten years of prosperity, and that it will probably end in the total loss of a great deal of capital, and the transfer of a great deal more to other industries. But no such transfer can take place without great suffering and commercial disorder. In fact, a more unfortunate period to enter on a theatrical and costly foreign policy has not occurred in England within the present century.

The cotton crisis is almost equally serious in France, and a series of letters on the causes of the depression, which have appeared in the *Temps* and have attracted a good deal of attention, offer the only explanation which will fit the phenomena in the various countries now suffering from it, and that is a "break in the equilibrium between agricultural production and industrial production." "During the last half century," to use the words of one French writer, "we have occupied ourselves too much with providing the means of clothing, lodging, warming, and carrying and amusing people who live in cities." There has been, in other words, an enormous drift of capital and population into the business of clothing and transportation, so that the farming portion of the community, which is, after all, the great consumer of the world and the great provider of food, has fallen behindhand, and there will be no revival of business until the balance is restored. This hypothesis accounts for the wide prevalence of the industrial depression; neither the tariff nor the currency does so, because the free-trade and protectionist countries and the hard and soft-money countries are involved in the same trouble, though of course in each one special secondary causes have produced special aggravations.

The political situation in France is not as easy as it has been. The Conservatives, who have been much disturbed by the peacefulness of the summer, the success of the Exposition, and of the army organization, have been spreading the report, by way of creating uneasiness, that Marshal MacMahon would shortly resign. At the same time the "Clericals" have begun to display once more somewhat unpleasant activity. One of their organizations, which is intended more particularly to restore the working-classes to the Church, the *Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques*, has been having a pilgrimage to Chartres, and at a meeting there the well-known religious orator, the Comte de Mun, denounced modern society and deplored the oppression of the workmen by the capitalists in terms almost worthy of Karl Marx. This mode of winning the masses has naturally exasperated the Republicans, and M. Gambetta, in a speech at Romans, delivered an impassioned tirade against the Clericals, calling for the prohibition of the bestowal of priests' orders on any man who has not served his term in the army. The extreme wing of the Radicals, to whom Gambetta is a mealy-mouthed trimmer, have been holding banquets in celebration of the proclamation of the first Republic, at two of which Louis Blanc and Naquet, both members of the Assembly, made violent harangues, calling for the suppression of the Presidency and the Senate, and the cessation of all votes of money for ecclesiastical purposes. This, of course, furnishes excellent material to the Monarchists, who will have it that the Reds are sure to get the better of Gambetta and bring back the Terror.

THE GOVERNMENT AS A BANK.

THERE is no doubt that the plan of having the Government assume the duties of a bank of issue, by supplying greenbacks enough to take the place of the bank-bills now in circulation and to meet the future needs of the country, is cherished by a great many people who are not repudiationists and have no sympathy whatever with repudiation. They are not in favor of "fiat" or "absolute" money, or of irredeemable paper or leather or rubber money, and see clearly the force of all the arguments against these. It is they who make the Greenback movement really formidable and give it any chance of success, and they cannot be disposed of by denunciation or by any imputation of motives. They find that for eighteen years the Government notes have performed the functions of money throughout the whole country with an efficiency which in most States the old bank-notes never displayed; that, in fact, the former have proved in most States the safest and most convenient currency for daily use the people have ever had. Side by side with this, they find bank-paper in circulation which owes its acceptability almost wholly to the Government guarantee, which is given in return for the deposit by the banks of bonds on which the Government pays interest. They therefore ask, and with a good deal of plausibility, Why, if we need an amount of currency equal to both the greenbacks and the bank-bills, does not the Government issue enough greenbacks to take the place of the bank-bills, and thus supply the "wants of trade" and at the same time save the interest on the bonds? Besides, what difference is there in principle, they ask, between issuing all the paper money we need and being responsible for its final redemption? The Government has to see that the banks pay their bills; why, then, be troubled with the banks at all?

On this it has to be observed, in the first place, that the national banks were, when established during the war, really a device for disposing of a considerable amount of Government bonds for which in those days it was not easy to find a market. It was substantially a proposal to the capitalists of the country that if they would buy bonds they should have the privilege of issuing paper money with a Government guarantee. The bonds so bought by the banks, and now deposited by them with the Government as security, do not, however, differ in any respect from the rest of the interest-bearing debt. They are not bonds issued by the Government to oblige the banks, and without a valuable consideration; they are part and parcel of the Government debt, issued in the regular way and for value received. In paying interest on them the Government is not paying interest on nothing; it is paying interest on a loan the proceeds of which went into the Treasury, and which is just as sacred as any other portion of the public liabilities. On this point there is a wide-spread popular misconception which the Greenback agitators are careful to uphold. It is probably no exaggeration to say that eight out of every ten Greenbackers are possessed by the belief, more or less vague, that the bonds on which the national bank bills are "based" were issued by the Government simply to help the banks, and that, therefore, all that is needed to extinguish them and save the interest on them is to withdraw from the banks the privilege of issuing currency. The fact is, however, that the bonds were bought by the banks in open market or taken at first-hand in one of the regular loans, and that their only peculiarity is that they are required by the Act to be registered before deposit. Abolishing the banks would, therefore, bring the Government no honest saving. It would not extinguish any portion of the public debt or diminish the amount of interest on it. The bonds now on deposit would be returned to the banks and by them sold in the market, and they would then continue to draw interest until paid all the same. Of course the Government might issue greenbacks to pay them off; but this, for reasons which we need not reproduce here, would be a form of repudiation, and we are not now arguing with repudiators. We are arguing with those who think it would be economical and wise to convert the United States Treasury into a vast bank of issue, redeeming its notes on demand.

It has to be observed, in the second place, that such a bank could not be conducted any more economically than, or so economically as, a private bank of a similar character. Government could not issue redeemable notes without any expense, as many greenbackers fancy, by merely "basing them on the entire wealth of the country." It would have to follow the bankers' rule of keeping a reserve of coin amounting to one-third, at least, of the notes in circulation; that is to say, if the Government issued \$300,000,000 of paper, redeemable on demand, it would have to keep at least \$100,000,000 of coin in the Treasury, on which it would lose the interest, and for the safe keeping and management of which it would have to pay. Good judges think that it would not be safe for the Government to rely on a metallic reserve of one kind; that in making itself the great and only depository of coin in the country it would have to be prepared for drafts of extraordinary suddenness and severity, and it would not do for it to run risks of a shock to its credit which a banker might safely take; that, therefore, thirty-three per cent. of reserve would not suffice, that probably fifty per cent. would not be too much. It has to be borne in mind, too, in estimating this amount, that a bank has, through discounts and through its discretionary power over the amount of its circulation, ways of easing itself in time of pressure which a Government officer could not resort to. He would have to act under cast-iron rules of law, both as to the amount of paper afloat and the manner of redeeming it. We believe it is not proposed that the amount of paper to be issued by the Treasury under the greenback régime should be left to the discretion of anybody. No one ventures to say that any Government officer or officers should be trusted with such a discretion, or that any man is fit to be trusted with it. The plan is that the amount should be fixed by statute or constitutional amendment, in accordance with what somebody—who has never been clearly designated—conceives to be "the wants of trade." Now, the wants of trade vary. More money is wanted in the spring and fall than in summer and winter; more at the great centres of trade and industry than in remote agricultural regions. To meet these variations of supply and demand it is, above all things, necessary that a currency should be elastic—that is, that it should be capable of expansion and contraction under the operation of the laws of trade. Banks look after this contraction and expansion and prepare for it. They supply the circulating medium in bills and credits at points where it is needed, and withdraw it from points where it is not needed, which the Government could not and would not do. If a bank finds the money-market getting tight and the pressure on it likely to be strong, it imports gold from other countries to meet it, with the care and judgment and prudence which experienced self-interest supplies. The Government would have to do this, too, but in doing so it would often be employing mere politicians, who had got into office without any reference to their business experience and sagacity, in carrying on the most complicated and delicate operations of commerce on an immense scale. We do not need to explain the anxiety and uneasiness which this would diffuse through the community in times of trouble.

We have reserved to the last what we consider the most serious objection of all—the political one. It would be impossible to make the Government the great banker of the country without enormously magnifying its power and the extent of its sphere in the imaginations of the people. The daily contemplation of the Treasury as the source of financial relief by a huge, busy commercial community could not but give a great stimulus to centralization and prepare the way for the transfer of other powers and duties to Washington, or for the still closer approximation of the States to the rank of provinces, and for a radical change in our ideas touching the nature of the Union. In the second place, not even a constitutional amendment would suffice to settle the volume of the paper currency. There would always be a party in existence maintaining that all limitation of this volume was useless or mischievous, and that in a growing country like ours it would hardly be possible to issue too much paper. When a commercial

crisis came, every ten years, say, this party would be swelled by all the people in difficulties who wished to "unload"; and in obedience to their clamor, and perhaps from a desire to be popular and "with an eye to the Presidency," the Secretary would be induced to break the law and issue enough currency to ease the market, or temporarily to suspend specie payments, looking to Congress or the Supreme Court or the general good nature for an indemnity. The way in which both Congress, the Supreme Court, the Treasury, and the Republican party have dealt with the greenbacks since 1865 is full of suggestion as to the course things might take, and probably would take. The general result would be that the currency, in one shape or another, would come up as an issue in every canvass, which is another way of saying that at every State and national election the voters would be called on, directly or indirectly, to fix the value of all property and the amount of all debts. We do not say this would result in any sudden or violent catastrophe; but that any high rate of prosperity could be kept up under it, or that it would not gradually drive capital abroad for investment, it is impossible to believe.

PARTY DISINTEGRATION.

RECENT events have shown that there is a powerful disintegrating force at work upon the old political parties. That the process of decay should be most marked among the Democrats is quite appropriate, seeing that they have done most to make the greenback heresy formidable. If Jackson, Benton, and Wright could be made to know what sort of "principles" their descendants are putting into their platform, they would consider any political monster a blessing which should kindly open its jaws and swallow them up. The transformation of the party from hard money to soft money, which has been going on for something more than ten years, is one of the most curious phenomena to be found in the history of representative government. There was no reason *à priori* why the Democrats should be fonder of irredeemable paper than the Republicans. There were many reasons why the opposite tendency might have been looked for. Democratic traditions were hostile to paper money of any kind. They were so because of the danger that paper money, however well secured in the beginning, might eventually become irredeemable. The Democrats opposed the creation of the greenback in the first place, and they opposed every successive issue after the first one on the score of irredeemability. They never found any good in the greenback until some steps were taken by Secretary McCulloch to redeem it. From that time to the present their fondness for it has increased in proportion to the likelihood of its being actually redeemed, until now (the gold premium being somewhere between $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ of one per cent.) they are terrified at the prospect of losing their idolized currency, and demand the immediate and unconditional repeal of the Resumption Act.

The Greenback party has swallowed so much of the Democratic party in Maine that the remainder is hardly worth preserving. It bids fair to swallow even more of it in Massachusetts, and it is to be hoped that it will perform the like office for it in Ohio and Indiana. If there is to be a concerted attack upon the public credit, through a repeal of the Resumption Act or otherwise, then logically it must be made by a party formed for that special purpose. The Democratic party was not formed for that purpose; it does not exist for that purpose. Incidentally it may strive to do something in that way, but its counsels are divided. Its Tildens, Hewitts, Bayards, and Lamars are at variance with its Thurmans, Ewings, Voorheeses, and Blands, and the variance is so pronounced that they cannot work together on any scheme or policy affecting the greenback. Hence a distinctive Greenback party must take the field to carry out a greenback platform, and all the arguments which Mr. Thurman or Mr. Ewing can bring forward for soft money are arguments to persuade Democrats to leave their own party and enlist in a new organization. That their logic has not been without effect is shown by the returns from Maine.

The Republican politicians are justly alarmed at the signs of dis-

solution in the ranks of their opponents, for if the Democratic party disappears there will presently be no reason for the Republican party to remain. The disintegration which attacks one will shortly spread to the other. Commendable efforts have been made of late to "harmonize" the party on a financial policy, and these have so far succeeded that the Republicans generally are much more to be trusted in that particular than Democrats generally. Nevertheless, Mr. Eaton, of Connecticut, is a much safer man than Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania; and Mr. Schleicher, of Texas, is to be preferred to Mr. Phillips, of Kansas, or Mr. Jones, of Nevada. The incongruity of the political situation is shown in nothing more clearly than in the fact that the Republican leaders have used every means in their power to carry on the present campaign with the old issues, the old war-cries, and the worn-out passions of the past. They wanted above all things to "make it hot under the old flag," to wave the bloody shirt, and to attack the "Solid South." It was in this wise that they began this campaign. Not until they noticed desertions in alarming numbers from their own and their enemy's ranks did they give any prominence to the all-absorbing question of finance. Even then they approached it hesitatingly, but on the whole as well, perhaps, as could be expected from those who had been compelled against their wishes to change their line of battle after the engagement had opened. There is something mournful in the plea put forward here and there that Republicans have a better title to be called friends of the greenback than Democrats, because they invented it, because it was one of the arms of the public service during the war, and because it helped to put down the Rebellion. There is something ludicrous in the attempt of the Kansas Republicans to favor the use of hard money in such wise as not to exasperate the friends of soft money; and it is revolting to hear Mr. Geo. C. Gorham, Secretary of the Republican Campaign Committee, denouncing inflation and contraction as equally harmful, "the former being a ragged tramp and the latter a well-dressed pickpocket." The day for dealing with these questions by sleight-of-hand closed with the closing of the ballot-boxes in Maine. The Republican party can protract its own life by dropping all tricks with money and taking a position of deadly hostility to the Greenbackers, but to keep itself erect in any position after its old enemy falls will be a difficult task. The two parties have been held up for some years by leaning against each other. If one of them succumbs the other will not be able to stand on its former footing, if indeed it can stand at all.

It is believed by both Republican and Democratic optimists that actual resumption of specie payments will conjure the Greenback party back to the shades, or, at all events, so paralyze it that it can make no further inroads upon them. This is a grave delusion. If resumption had not been complicated with the silver question, the beginning of specie payments would probably have been the end of the false-money party, or if not the end, it would have belittled the movement from day to day till nothing remained of it. But specie resumption coupled with the Silver Bill involves the necessity of keeping the silver dollar and the gold dollar on a par with each other. This may be done for a time, but with an arbitrary engine at work pumping \$2,000,000 to \$4,000,000 per month of depreciated silver into the circulation it cannot be done long. The whole problem will again come up for solution, and as both the old parties are more or less committed to silver there is no reason why the new party should not continue to reduce their strength after Secretary Sherman's *quasi*-resumption takes place. And to combat it a party will eventually be needed in which all the friends of honest money can enlist upon equal terms.

THE REAL MEASURE OF WEALTH.

NOTHING can be more dangerous in its tendency towards extravagant and revolutionary measures, in place of fair economic means, than to magnify beyond the reality the gap which represents the difference in material prosperity between capitalists and the wage-receiving classes. It is a common error, and one into which some leading journals have lately fallen, to estimate this difference by

the sum total of the property of a capitalist as compared with that of a workingman; so that a Stewart is better off than a Kearney by the difference between forty millions and a few hundreds in bank. If this be the true way of putting the inequality, then American society is uneven to an alarming degree. But the difference between forty millions and a single thousand is so enormous that when the modes of life of the San Francisco drayman and the busy, overworked merchant are contrasted, one cannot help feeling that this is not the real measure of social inequality. For the purposes of economic and philanthropic discussion this is not, in fact, the proper method of measuring comparative wealth. An analysis of the wealth of Mr. Stewart would have revealed the fact that, with the exception of a million or so expended on a costly house and its furnishings, the remaining millions represented stores, mills, machinery, stock in trade, and circulating capital in process of continual disbursement as the wages of labor. That such an investment was of the highest possible advantage to labor is matter of easy demonstration. It stood for a productive force in the legal power and under the skilful control of the owner, but far more fruitful, so far as good wages and the market for labor were concerned, than if the power and skill were attempted to be exercised by the employee on his own account. And, it must be noticed, the whole of such capital thus productively invested inures equally for the benefit of laborer and capitalist. Like the earth, before it has become subject to the rights of property, everybody can partake of the increase, which in this case is interest, profits, and wages; but nobody cares to carry away and reduce to possession the soil itself. True, in one case the legal ownership is in the capitalist, but he is by necessity the self-constituted trustee for the wage-receiving classes of an invested fund which, if transferred into their hands, would quickly be wasted. That the capitalist may at pleasure withdraw the whole fund and sink it in the sea, or in some wild scheme where it can never benefit himself or anybody else, is of no moment so long as he does not do so. Economics, and social reform so far as it follows in its track, deals not with what men might do, but with what, taking human motives as they are, they will do.

It is of the first importance, in any discussion of reform in the social system with a view to the equal distribution of wealth, to get rid of the idea that the corpus of a man's investment is, even roughly, a measure of his wealth. It is not true, except in a very much qualified sense, that "the more millionaires there are the less there is left for distribution among the multitude."

As to that portion of income destined to be invested productively, that too must be thrown out of the account. In strict economic truth, and for our purposes, the real measure of an individual's wealth is his expenditure in unproductive consumption; that is, to put it epigrammatically, a man is worth only what he destroys. The miser millionaire who replied to his clerk's complaint that the latter only earned enough for his board and clothes, "That's all I get," was really as poor as his subordinate. What a railroad king or a hod-carrier utterly consumes on his own enjoyment or that of his family is all that he takes from the productive forces of his time. Diminished only by this, these forces go on increasing the capital seeking investment and opening new markets for labor. In fact, it is just this measure of wealth which everybody makes use of when he sets himself to gathering a competence or a fortune. Aside from the vain desire to be rich in the sense in which the capitalist-trustee is rich, unproductive consumption is what all are struggling for. In this country it may be assumed that every man easily earns enough to keep his powers unimpaired. What he wants above this he wants for the sake of expending it unproductively in the shape of fine dress, a larger house-lot, a summer vacation, or else to lay up to live on the income of it when his consumption shall be all unproductive because he himself, by reason of old age or sickness, is no longer a producer. It will be found also that so far as social position, which of course is an object in life hardly less in importance than material blessings, is affected by wealth, it is determined rather by the expenditures for the time being on those luxuries which strike the eye and impress the imagination than by the aggregate of an individual's wealth. One sees this in the case of those who maintain for a time a fictitious social rank by living beyond their means.

When we have whittled down our notions of wealth to such modest proportions, and come to seek the utmost of a capitalist's property that can be made the subject of fairer distribution among the wage-receivers, the result shows the impossibility for the mass of humanity of obtaining more than a comfortable livelihood. A certain successful manufacturer of fire-arms in a provincial city has at present an invested capital of \$400,000, and employs four hundred operatives. Calculating the profits

at the ordinary business rate, and excluding a sum sufficient to recompense the employer for his superior abilities, risks, and responsibility, it is doubtful if any division of the profits among the employed could secure an annual increase in income of more than \$75 for skilled labor and \$50 for unskilled. This is, indeed, worth striving for, but it needs to be felt more strongly than now in every labor movement that the results attainable are so moderate as to make inexcusable the resort to extraordinary measures, and to encourage the thoughtful and temperate use of fair economic means.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

THE *Spectator* not long ago published an article on the subject of artistic copyright of considerable interest, apropos of the examination of the subject by Sir James Stephen, one of the English Copyright Commissioners. There is a demand in England for a copyright law which shall protect artistic property in pictures or statues more thoroughly than is now done. Several statutes have been passed by Parliament on the subject, but it seems that they do not altogether prevent the reproduction of works of art by the cheap processes so common nowadays. This demand, however, the *Spectator* thinks is "prompted more by a desire to make money in a subsidiary way than by any need to be protected against the loss of money." The argument of the *Spectator* (it professes to follow generally in the footsteps of Sir James Stephen) is that there is an essential difference between copyright in books and copyright in works of art. With regard to copyright in books, it is obviously essential to protect the author against piracy by legal means, if he is to be protected at all. With regard to a statue or a picture the case is different. It cannot be copied so long as it remains in the author's studio, or in the possession of the purchaser, without their permission. An engraving stands in a somewhat different light: for though impressions cannot be taken from the original plate without its owner's consent, new plates may be made from the engraving. As to photographs, the possession of a negative is no protection at all, for almost as good copies may be taken from the photograph as can be got from the negative. What, however, a painter wishes to prevent by copyright is the sale of photographs or engravings of his pictures; a sculptor to prevent the sale of photographs or engravings of his statue; an engraver to prevent the sale of photographs of his engraving. But why should they be allowed the right? Clearly it is not copyright which they ask, in the sense of literary copyright. The foundation of literary copyright is the necessity of preventing the multiplication of identical copies of the same work. One copy of a poem or a history in print is exactly the same as another, and hence the multiplication of copies must be prevented, if the author is to derive any profit at all from his publication. But photographs or even engravings of pictures or statues do not lower the value of the originals. Nor does the multiplication of photographs or engravings diminish their value. On the contrary it may enhance it. It would seem to follow (though the *Spectator* does not put it in these words) that the principle which ought to govern all legislation with regard to artistic copyright is this: Wherever artistic property is recognized at all, the question whether the owner should be protected against copies resolves itself into the question whether the process of copying results in an identical multiplication of the original? In books this is clearly the case; in statues it is not so; in pictures it is not so; in photographs it is so; engravings seem to present a doubtful case. On the other hand, the right to produce copies of a wholly different character, as photographs of statues or engravings of pictures, is the right to make money in a manner totally different from the way contemplated in the production of the original, and must stand on totally different footing.

We confess this argument does not strike us as altogether convincing. The fundamental question with regard to copyright is always whether a right of property exists, and what its limits are. Thus, with regard to a book, the property consists in a certain order of ideas conveyed by words. It does not extend so far, however, that an abridgment is a piracy; and hence abridgments of copyrighted books are themselves every day copyrighted, though it is clear that they would never have had any existence but for the existence of the book itself. A sculptor in the same way is the owner of a statue. It is a piece of marble, cut in a certain definite form, representing a person or a group. Of course he owns the marble, and whether it is in the form of a statue or not he can prevent any one from doing anything with it which he does not like. But now that he has converted it into a statue he owns something more than the marble, and the question is what he does actually own. Is he the proprietor of the arrangement and external form of his statue, or does he own these only as they inhere in the marble? If he is the owner of the former—of

what we may call the statuesque *idea*—there seems no reason why he should not be protected from photographers and engravers. If he does not, there seems no reason why photographers or engravers should pay a royalty to him. This is not by any means a distinction without a difference, as may be seen by an analogous case in dramatic copyright (the law of which is quite different in some respects from that of literary copyright). In a play the author has a property not merely in the order of ideas, expressed by words, but also in the action itself, and not only in the action but in the incidents underlying the action. Every one has seen a play in which one of the characters is bound to the track of a railroad by the villain of the piece, and afterwards rescued from the approaching train by another of the characters. This incident was invented by a playwright, who made use of it in "Under the Gaslight." Another playwright, seeing its advantages, put it into a play called "After Dark," introducing, however, enormous changes in dialogue, characters, and action. He made the track that of an underground instead of a surface line; changed the sex of the rescuer, who was made to dig his way through the wall of an adjoining cellar instead of breaking his way through the door of a building. It was urged that there was no infringement of copyright in the use of the scene; that there was no novelty or originality in the passage across the stage of a train of cars drawn by a locomotive, nor in the idea of such a train bearing down upon a man lying on the track, he having been thrown there for that purpose by one of the characters in the play, nor in his escape. Nevertheless this was decided by an American judge to be a case of piracy. If dramatic copyright extends to property in an "incident" like this, why may it not to the "idea" of a statue or a picture? If it does, we see no reason why the demands for legislative protection should be said to be prompted by a desire to make money in a "subsidiary way." It is simply a desire to prevent piracy of the artistic idea which the artist or sculptor has produced. On the other hand, if he has no property in the idea, there seems no reason why photographers and engravers should not have unlimited rights, or why the owners of galleries in which pictures and statues are exhibited should not derive an income from letting out the right to photograph and engrave, without the painter's or sculptor's permission.

The point which we wish to insist upon is that the whole question of copyright hinges on that of property, and not on the means of reproduction. In the case of a statue or picture the discussion is confused by there being two rights of property, one in the marble or canvas, the other in the artistic idea which has produced the statue or painting. The essential difference between the two may easily be shown. If a young and unknown sculptor has produced a statue the merit of which is not acknowledged, his possession of the marble will in theory enable him to make the condition of allowing it to be exhibited the payment of a royalty on whatever sum may be derived from photographing or engraving; but his obscurity will make this practically impossible. He must exhibit it, and if he has no property in anything but the marble, and the statue turns out to be a popular success, photographing and engraving may certainly begin at once. Therefore it seems to us that the assumption that the mere ownership of the marble is an ample protection begs the question.

An elaborate attempt at piracy of a painting, not protected by any copyright statute, was made in Ireland twenty years ago, and the story of the case illustrates better than any abstract argument the subject of artistic copyright. In 1856 Henry Wallis painted "The Death of Chatterton," a picture which attracted considerable attention at the time. Mr. Ruskin, in his notes on the Royal Academy exhibition, speaking of it in terms of admiration. Mr. Wallis sold the painting to a Mr. Egg, reserving a right, however, to participate in the profits of any engravings made from it. Mr. Egg afterwards sold Robert Turner the right to engrave and publish an engraving of the picture, making an agreement with him at the same time that he, Turner, should have possession of the picture for two years and a half, and that during this time he should exhibit it for the purpose of obtaining subscribers to the engraving. While it was thus on exhibition one James Robinson, who appears to have been a man of considerable ingenuity, visited the place of exhibition, and having seen the painting and consulted various biographical works on the subject of Chatterton's life and death, arranged in a photographic or stereoscopic establishment of his in Dublin a garret, with a pallet, table, and box; formed the back scene outside the window by a view of London, painted on a canvas screen, and placed on the pallet, to represent Chatterton, a servant of his named Isaac Murray; and, having thus arranged the figure

and scenery from his recollection of the painting, took stereoscopic photographs of them. The result of this process was plain and colored stereoscopic photographs closely resembling the picture. It was not, however, pretended that they were paintings, for Robinson, in putting them on the market, announced them merely as "the beautiful and effective stereoscopic pictures of the last moments and death of the poet Chatterton." There was at the time no statute for the protection of paintings, and Turner, in suing Robinson, had to rely on his general rights of property. He won his suit, and the case has always been treated by legal writers on copyright as a formal recognition, by a court of authority, of the very right for which painters and sculptors contend—that of preventing the use for profit of the artistic *idea* they produce. Of course this does not prove the expediency of such a state of the law, but it seems to indicate the true method of discussing the question as a right of property, the exact limits of which are to be defined by legislation. In this country the statutes of the United States have recognized the existence of the right in the most formal manner.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—VIII.

THE FLORAL DISPLAY.

PARIS, Sept. 3, 1878.

THE weather has changed at last; or rather it has left off changing at last, and the wind is in a quarter which promises pleasant weather. All through the month of August and the last ten days of July there has been the showeriest and windiest spell that ever afflicted Paris, the wind constantly from the west or northwest, fresh rain-clouds piling up the horizon hour after hour, and day after day brief gleams of sunshine followed by sharp dashes of rain. Polite Paris has carried its umbrella as persistently as ever did swell London. The lamentations over the absence from the grounds of the Exhibition of large shade-trees in which some of the papers, especially *Figaro*, were indulging about the middle of July, and the proposals made to M. Krantz to turn night into day, if he desired to make good his calculations as to the receipts for admissions, and hold evening fêtes with fireworks and illuminations and military music—all came to a stop about the 25th of that month, and the question has since been how to get from the Trocadéro Palace to the Champ-de-Mars, or the other way, without being wet through with rain and splashed to the middle with yellow sand and water. For some of the broad walks, which were covered with gravel at first, are thought now to be hard enough and compact enough to leave with no further care than daily sweeping and watering; but pelting rain finds the surface not unassailable, and splashes up a disagreeable yellow paste.

Now, with fine weather and warm sun, the rolling chairs will have a chance. These have had a hard time of it; for the in-door service alone will not make them a success, and they have stood idle in scores even when the enclosure was the most crowded. They are different from the Philadelphia chairs, and not so comfortable; they are pulled instead of pushed, and each has, besides the main seat for the customer, a little half-deck forward, called a "strapontin," where a child may sit, and which is also handy for piling up the many catalogues one has to buy and the circulars one has to accept. The tariff of these "fauteuils roulants" seems high, as no provision is made for a short trip. An hour costs two and a half francs, or three francs "with the strapontin occupied," probably with live weight, not guide-books. It would be convenient to be able to take one for a single trip, of a half hour or less, because, though there are not here at Paris such great spaces that may be travelled over at pleasure as there were at Philadelphia, there is a much greater space that must be traversed very often than any there; namely, the half mile between the main Exhibition building and the Trocadéro Palace. If one is near the gates of the latter, but has business in the picture-galleries or the American section in the Champ-de-Mars building, it is much the cheapest way, and the only way of keeping dry, to take a cab for the long circuit outside by the Pont de l'Alma to the Porte Rapp, which is the chief gate, where all the headquarters are of post-office and telegraph, firemen and *contrôle* generally, and whence one goes under cover to any part of the main building, except to the isolated Pavillon of the City of Paris.

There is a plan for a Great Exhibition which has not been tried, whether it has been thought of or not, and which, sooner or later, will be tried and found to succeed. Let your readers have the benefit of it in advance. The buildings will be ranged continuously around a great central garden, forming in this way a vast quadrangle with covered cloister,

Buildings of the same size on the ground as these of the Champ-de-Mars would enclose a garden of about 1,000 by 2,000 feet, which should be left wholly unobstructed by buildings and made into the most magnificent garden, of the French or ornate style, that could possibly be planned, with fountains and water-works, with architectural terraces, with shady corners and sunny lawns, and this adorned by all the bronze statuary of the exhibition. This last is an essential part of the scheme. The bronze statuary does not look its best in the same gallery with the marble and the plaster: it requires, moreover, a different light from works which are in white material: let it all be set up in the alleys of the great garden, and seen, one piece at a time, each by itself, instead of in overwhelming number and bewildering juxtaposition in a small room.

In the building of the Champs-Élysées, used for the Paris *Salon* exhibition every year, the sculpture is all in what is called "the Garden"—that is, the large main ground-floor of the huge edifice which (you are aware) was erected for the Universal Exhibition of 1855. There the six hundred and fifty pieces of this year's sculpture exhibition were much more widely spaced, and, therefore, much more easy of enjoyable study, than those which are crowded into the Exhibition galleries; and, moreover, the flood of white light which fills the *Salon* building, coming through its glass roof high above, is like the light of out-of-doors, and is much more pleasant and effectual than the uncertain illumination of any small gallery with the common form of skylight. But in a great quadrangle, open to the sky and filled with trees and fountains, grass-plots and flower-beds, the weather-proof statuary could all be exhibited in quite an ideal way; and it would not be hard to devise an ornamental and spacious covered *loggia*, under whose shelter the marbles and the plasters could have the slightly modified daylight which befits them, and be not too far removed from their fellows in bronze.

There is another part of this plan which should be insisted on. It is probable that this idea of national buildings in national styles, built by national commissions for international friendly contest—an idea not original with the French Exhibition of this year, but which has received its greatest development hitherto in the façades on the Rue des Nations—will be carried out hereafter on a scale of much greater splendor and expense, and with vastly greater success. The present street is narrow, and the side opposite the national façades is a row of wretched, formless boxes, the outsides of the alcoves of water-colors and architectural designs. Moreover, the façades themselves are mostly such poor things, such cheap and hasty affairs; while little Belgium has erected, as my letter of a month ago set forth, a building of value and importance. Well, the next exhibition will be at Rome in 1881. Instead of the one side of the Rue des Nations, about 1,900 feet long, give to the Powers which take part in that gathering three of the sides of the great quadrangle, Italy taking one of them for herself, as is natural: then on the fourth side, which would be one of the longer ones, let the picture-galleries be drawn out, as here, in succession. This fourth side would face on the quadrangle with the covered *loggia* of the sculpture exhibition, two thousand feet of open arcade. The other three sides would have the varied architecture of the different national buildings, about thirty in number, besides the large one of Italy.

All this would be made very much richer, and more tasteful as well, than anything here, provided notice sufficient were given to the competing nations of the great chance offered them. And as for the garden in the quadrangle, it suffices to look a while at the beauty and variety of the horticultural displays here, to judge what it might be made. That one department has flourished and grown great in the showery weather, and I wish your readers, one and all, could see the lovely flower-beds, the shrubberies, the lawns—in short, the exquisite gardening that has been carried into the remotest corners, and is richly displayed in the most frequented centre of the two hundred acres here enclosed. Where stands a building and where runs a walk there can be no grass nor shrubs, but everywhere else, every other foot of space, is either made splendid by the Commission or is appropriated to some gardener or *pépiniériste* or horticulturist of some sort, who puts his little sign up and goes to work to make his exhibit do him credit. The lawns are like velvet, for in the border of each is stuck a little tin memorandum of who has sown it and keeps it up, and its beauty appeals to the public for patronage and to the jury for "honorable mention," or something better. The most ingenious devices are in use for watering them—cheap little things that any country-resident may use, and these also are part of the exhibit. It is to be observed that the gardeners don't fear watering grass, and some of them, at least, their flowers, in the hottest sun; to-day it is going on everywhere, with a sun blazing on it all which would do honor

to New York. Rolling seems not to be practised. Fresh-cut grass is not left upon the lawn, but is swept up by soft brooms, handled like a scythe, with circular sweeps, into long windrows, then rolled up into little cocks and carried away. The two long and spacious lawns which flank the cascade and fountains of the Trocadéro park are made decorative by having a path sunk near the edge, leaving three feet wide of greensward outside it, then the two feet of dark yellow loam or sand, then green turf again. This path is merely for the color and not to walk on, for all around the lawn, at its extreme edge, is a continuous flower-bed, perhaps six feet wide, and kept full of vivid flowers according to their season, the middle plants standing highest, so as to produce the effect of a steep ridge. The green carpet is, therefore, bordered with this combination of colors for a width of ten feet or more all around; and the effect, as seen from the galleries and long arcades of the Trocadéro Palace, or as seen looking up-hill from the bridge, is brilliant: to say nothing of the enjoyment the passers-by get from these three hundred yards of flower-bed. It must not be forgotten upon what a large scale all this is composed: one *does* forget it, continually, even here on the spot. At every turn there is a new flower-garden. Frequently one finds a large bed glowing with color, with a small sign stating that all the plants here are to be raised from seeds, and giving the address where those seeds are to be had; *chez* Paul Tollard, or Vilmorin, Andrieux & Cie., or whomsoever. To each plant is a little ticket with its name for facility of reference, and that doesn't help the appearance of the beds—but neither is it a serious injury. One very large bed is wholly filled with begonias in endless variety. One long and narrow one has a centre line of the cultivated ox-eye daisy, the common American "white weed," pushed to a dense, bushy herb, which is set thick outside with the white and yellow stars, and along each outer edge geraniums of different sorts. Geraniums are a specialty of these Paris gardeners; there is one large bed here filled with these plants grown to woody bushes six feet high, and covered with scarlet and crimson flowers; M. Bouteux, *fils*, has the credit of that. Between the polished blocks of the exhibit of Pyrenean marble are dwarf geraniums, white-leaved and red-flowered, in solid mass. The building of the Exhibition of Agriculture is half hidden in flowering pumpkin-vines, squash-vines, and melon-vines trained over its walls; that's for the *farming* look of it, and to show how splendid are these, the most luxuriant and the nearest to tropical vegetation of all our northern herbaceous plants. By way of contrast, the little rustic pavilion of the Administration of Parks and Gardens is covered with rarer vines in full flower, among which it is particularly interesting to study out the different species of *Passiflora*, the common "passion flower" of our gardens, and a dozen more—some of them mere exotics. Sweet peas of many colors, and a vine with a splendid purple bell, and some trumpet-creeper are mixed in this tangle of climbing plants. Another building near is all shrouded in nasturtiums. Among the seed-plants is a splendid display of *Célastris à panache*, both red and yellow—a flower, I think, not common in American gardens—and *Amaranthes crête-de-coq*, which is the old-fashioned "cockscorn" glorified, and of a dozen shades of color and varieties of mottling. The shrubberies also are interesting and curious, though, of course, mostly composed of small shrubs. All about the pavilion of the Lafarge cement, a rather pretty structure, is Moreau's display of shrubs of ornamental leafage, mahonias, aucubas, and *Ilex* of endless variety, and some of most unexpected aspect. Around the Creusot pavilion is the shrubbery of Louis Leroy, of Angers—fine dwarf magnolias, though not in blossom now, so late, and the prickly-leaved *Osmanthus*, and many another plant with leaves of glossy dark green, or yellow-edged pale green, or yellow-sprinkled, or copper-colored, or red-veined. It is odd that one sees nowhere a display of crotons, which are easy to have out-of-doors in summer, nor any purple-leaved *Dracena*. A beautiful display of rare evergreens and coniferous plants is made by Churoze Brothers—*Taxus*, with red berries, many varieties of *Thuja* and of *Abies*, some familiar in America though rare here, but other some from far-away regions of the earth. M. Margottin, *fils*, shows a row of little peach-trees, little dwarfed curiosities two feet high, in pots, but all loaded with great red peaches, full ripe. M. Chevet, of Rue Picpus, has pomegranate-trees, also dwarfed, but bearing their superb, glowing flowers as fairly as their twelve-foot-high brothers of the Savannah and Beaufort gardens; though why these here should be in flower in September, and without their fruit, is a mystery. Plants still more tropical are not very common; but there are a number of palms of different species, and not merely the fan-leaved palmetto (*Chamærops*), which is so easy to grow, and which one finds in all the hotel courtyards in Paris. The black-stemmed bamboo forms a part of the exhibit of the city-gardens of Hyères, near Toulon, on the

southern coast, and is not only there, for the Japanese have a clump of it near their farm-house. The Hyères show is very beautiful.

The nurserymen and fruit-growers have their exhibit on the outside of the Champ-de-Mars building, to east and to west of it, and there show their long rows of fig-trees, pear-trees, and vines, with full labels stating age as well as variety of each important specimen. Finally, the Commissioners make good all the corners and blind-walls, and all the vacant spaces not taken up by "exhibits." The Rue de France and the Rue des Nations are decorated with clumps of green and occasional flowers; the steep little hillock where is the pavilion of the phylloxera pest, and the plan of campaign against him, the scarped bank beside the Trocadéro hill, and all remote nooks where no exhibitor cared to go, are occupied by the really beautiful displays of the different official florists of the Bois de Boulogne, the Bois de Vincennes, etc., all under the direction of the Commission.

R. S.

LONDON IN THE DEAD SEASON.

LONDON, September 7, 1878.

THERE are moments when it seems to savor of affectation to talk of London at any time as "empty"—to declare, in the language of the locality, that there is not a creature in town. But everything is relative, and it is not to be denied that at this time of the year the noisiest city in the world is apt to become peculiarly quiet. Bond Street is tranquil and Piccadilly is soundless; the knocker is dumb in genteel neighborhoods, the little double-tap of the postman even becomes unfamiliar, and the ear is conscious only of the creaking boots of the lonely policeman as he slowly marches through a vista of darkened windows. I don't know how the policeman likes his solitude and his leisure; but there is something about London in its interlunar swoon, as Shelley says, which an occasional survivor of the fashionable period finds decidedly agreeable. It may be that as an adoptive rather than a native cockney I exaggerate its charms at the present moment, according to the rule that converts are always apt to be fanatics. If you like London for itself, as the phrase is, you get more of London itself at this time than at any other. You enjoy a kind of monopoly of certain parts of it, and you appreciate some of those great features which, at any time from January to July, are thrown into the background by the crowd and the bustle. I will not attempt to enumerate the features in question, or suffer myself to be beguiled into an attempt to demonstrate that among the gentle influences of September the British metropolis takes on an unsuspected loveliness. One's enjoyment here at such a time must after all be mainly, as the metaphysicians say, subjective. It comes from the sense of boundless leisure—of the absence of interruptions. This operates as a kindly revelation of the crowded quality of existence during the lively portion of the year. For a person leading, in however small a degree, what is called a "London life," a fair, smooth, open stretch of time—without visits or notes or social obligations—becomes the ideal of felicity.

If this ideal is realized at present, there are of course losses in the matter as well as gains. The London clubs, in the early autumn, betake themselves to house-cleaning; the familiar portal of your favorite resort is shut in your face, with the imperfect compensation of an announcement that for the next few weeks you are at liberty to make use of another establishment. At the other establishment you feel a good deal like an intruder; you are unfamiliar with the customs of the place—you imagine that the servants and members glower at you, as you go and come—you feel that there is a want of confidence in your deportment, that you are not welcomed, but only tolerated. In so far, however, as a club is a place for reading the papers, that at the present time is soon done; and if a gentleman should happen to want the copy of the *Times* which you have in hand you will not deprive him of it for many minutes. The morning journals are distinctly dull; in the absence of stirring intelligence the smallest contributions are thankfully received. That ingenious species of composition and product of our time, known as the "social article," receives particular attention; it is usually of a jocular cast and—once a text, or a pretext, is secured—is remarkable for the facility of its transitions. That characteristic of English manners which is supposed by strangers to be the leading one—the passion for "writing to the *Times*"—is at present a great godsend to that journal. I am ignorant whether the *Times* receives during the months of August and September a greater number of confidential epistles from the injured or the gratified, the disappointed, the swindled, the inquisitive, or the communicative Briton, but it certainly prints a great many more. One class of communications comes to it, of course, in especial abundance—the com-

plaints of English travellers who are taking a holiday upon the Continent. There is a daily outpouring of grievances into the maternal bosom of the great newspaper; and I think there are few spectacles more striking and suggestive to a stranger. A stranger makes all kinds of reflections upon it, but he ends on the whole, decidedly, with admiring it. It is ridiculous, in many ways—sordid, egotistical, obtrusive; but it throws an interesting light upon that feature of the English character which is so intimately connected with the greatness of England—the stubborn sense of the rights of the individual. The English individual has not only a stronger, but a much more definite, conception of his rights than any other; he has a more definite and more cultivated notion of justice. It is this definiteness that is the striking point. Theoretically, an American has quite as lively a sense of his dues; but practically, politics apart, his notion of what these dues consist of is exceedingly vague and amateurish. An Englishman never hesitates; he has them at his fingers' ends. The magnitude of the infraction matters little; his comfort is as sensitive as his honor; the principle is sacred that the *other* part of the bargain—the part complementary to his own (which he has discharged by paying a certain sum of money or taking a certain course)—shall be performed rigidly and to the letter. No American who has known many Englishmen can have failed to be struck with the trouble his friends have often been willing to take for the redress of grievances which have seemed to him trifling and not worth time and temper; and many Englishmen, on the other hand, who have been acquainted with Americans, must often have been amazed at the good humor of the latter—the blank serenity, akin to the Mussulman's assent to fate—under imposition, delay, incivility. What is meant by "English comfort" is at bottom but this fixed standard of punctuality and of deference to the expectations of the consumer; and it is very certain that life is very comfortable—for consumers, of course—in a country where no offence against this standard is accounted venial.

I should give a very false impression of the current hour in London if I failed to say that for the last three days the newspapers have contained something very different from the usual complaints of leaking lamps in railway carriages and of the heavy boots worn at night in the corridors of Swiss hotels. A very terrible accident occurred on the 3d ult. on the Thames—an accident which has added a peculiar gloom to the actual soberness of London. A small, overcrowded steamer, returning from an excursion to Gravesend, was run down by a big collier and sunk in an instant, with seven hundred persons on board. This huge calamity will, of course, long since have been made known in America, and you will have been spared those horrible details in which the voluminous reports published here abound. The collision took place just above Woolwich, and the latest computation appears to be that six hundred persons have perished. I have, at various idle moments, found entertainment in a sixpenny steamer, and may almost claim familiarity with that dusky stretch of the Thames which lies between Woolwich and London. The adoptive cockney, of whom I spoke just now, feels a curiosity to sound the depths of metropolitan amusement, and he has been known, under the guidance of this feeling, to push his researches even as far as Gravesend—a very shabby resort of pleasure, now for some time to be associated with the hideous disaster of three days since. The Thames scenery between London and Gravesend is anything but beautiful, but it has always seemed to me to have a certain sordid picturesqueness. There was entertainment to the eye in the dusky, irregular waterside, which seemed to stand begging to be "etched," and in the large, turbid, crowded river, with the slow-moving vessels almost fixed in it, as if it were liquid glue. The place seemed dingy and dreary, but it never seemed tragical—any more than the participants in a Gravesend excursion looked like actors in a tragedy.

I can speak of such an assemblage from observation, for on a certain hot Sunday, some time ago, I found myself in the midst of one. Partly as an enquiring stranger and partly as the victim of a misconception of the attractions of Gravesend I went to the latter place by train, to take the air. After taking as much of it as seemed agreeable, I returned to London with a very big crowd on a very small boat—the same rotten little steamer, possibly, which collapsed at a touch the other night. In so far as my expedition served as a study of the manners of the British populace it was highly successful, and the objects of that study have remained vividly imprinted on my memory. Gravesend itself can best be described by an expression borrowed from the feminine vocabulary: it is simply too dreadful. It is an extremely dirty and most ingeniously vulgar little place, close upon the river, whose bank is adorned with a row of small establishments, half cottage and

half shop, devoted to traffic in shrimps and tea. The doors of these little tea-houses are garnished with terrible maidens—very stout and robust, high-colored and loud-voiced—who dart forth at the wayfarer, tea-pot in hand, and, vociferating in his ears certain local formulas, almost hustle him into their unappetizing bowers. Behind the town is a place of entertainment known as the Rosherville Gardens, where there are more conveniences of the kind I have described, together with a hundred others in the way of rock-work and plaster statues and convivial grottoes. The British populace, returning from what the advertisements call a "happy day" at Rosherville, struck me, on the steamer, rather less favorably than an adoptive cockney could have wished. I had nothing to do for a couple of hours but to sit upon the paddie-box and watch it; but there was no great charm in the spectacle. The "people" in certain foreign countries, notably in France and Italy, is a decidedly more remunerative spectacle than the moneyed class. It strikes one as containing more than half the vivacity and originality of the nation. But this is far from being the case here. There is something particularly coarse and dusky about an English mob, something which is not redeemed even by its great good-nature, and which comes, I think, in a great measure from the absence of the look of taste and thrift in the women. I don't know, however, that this reflection is at all pertinent to the horrible disaster which occurred last Tuesday, and which has made, for the week, a kind of charnel-house of all the Woolwich shore. With all its imperfections on its head, a very considerable group of the London populace was cruelly submerged. There will be an enquiry and a good deal of sensational reporting, and then the whole episode will sink beneath the surface as the boatload of excursionists sank. Meanwhile the grouse-shooting and the destruction of pheasants and partridges will proceed apace. A very large number of Englishmen are just now engaged in this pastime, and in the great stillness of London you can almost hear the crack of the fowling-pieces on the northern moors. A great many legislators are within earshot of this delightful sound; a few others are listening to the even sweeter music of their own voices. The *Times* has a regular corner devoted to Parliament out of session, which has lately contained several long speeches from honorable members to their constituents. But for the moment the public mind—or, at any rate, the private mind—is not political.

Correspondence.

MASSACHUSETTS FARMING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I hope somebody, better qualified, will have a word to say upon "the crouching tenantry of Massachusetts" and Mr. Julian's general charge against that State in this week's *Nation*. It may be thought too absurd for contradiction, but such public statements, if not disproved, may be used to very ill effect by the Butlers of the day. If nothing else offers, perhaps the following statistics and extracts will serve to refute what is injurious in Mr. Julian's statement.

It is not necessary to deny that farming as an occupation has declined. We are all glad that it has, since there are other occupations that pay better. There is no more reason or economy in Massachusetts raising corn or wheat at a loss, compared to other means of living, than in her raising cotton or coffee or tea or sugar. She turns to what is best for her hands to do, and would be deserving of all that Mr. Julian intimates against her intelligence if she did not. What is to be refuted are the charges that there is (1) a decline of prosperity; (2) a deterioration in farming; (3) an increase in employment of Massachusetts women in farming; (4) the creation of immense estates at the cost of small farms and independent farmers, cultivated by a "crouching peasantry."

As to the general prosperity of the State, the increase of valuation of property for a term of thirty years was as follows: in 1840, 300 millions; in 1870, 1,417 millions. Increase of production: in 1840, 86 millions; in 1870, 517 millions. The increase of population from 1860 to 1878 was 34 per cent. Such figures mean general prosperity of the working-class, if they mean anything. The criticism can be made that Mr. Julian refers to the farming interest and not to general industry, but it all hangs together. Farming does not decline in the midst of general prosperity unless some of those engaged in it find it for their advantage to turn to something else, and let the pastures and hill-sides that should never have been reclaimed revert to the original forest, and the farm-buildings that are not wanted fall to ruin. There will still remain, and do at this moment remain, plenty of thriving farms and farmers for all our needs.

With regard to deterioration in farming, the only statistics I happen to have at hand are of Hampshire County, between 1855 and 1870. Hampshire is a county as primitive and as little likely to have been benefited by fancy farming as any. She produced in

	Butter, lbs.	Cheese, lbs.	Milk, gals.	Money value.
1855	456,272	253,969	Very little sold.	\$116,182
1870	502,753	106,241	296,967	296,700
— Hay —				
	acres.	tons.		Average.
1855	on 25,684	22,764		1,700 lbs. to acre.
1870	" 23,970	28,501		2,400 "
— Corn —				
	acres.	bushels.		Average.
1855	on 5,831	167,099		28 to acre.
1870	" 2,605	100,706		38 "
Total yield 1855, \$1,039,921; in 1870, \$1,410,253.				

I ask attention to the averages in the above, showing that better methods produced greater money yield on less acreage, and consequently with less labor.

As to any general employment of women in agricultural labor beyond the voluntary work of Germans and Irish, accustomed to such toil in their own countries, if it exists, it is as unknown to the residents in the country districts as the manorial estates and the crouching tenantry. Mr. Julian could not probably find *one* such estate in all Massachusetts.

I conclude with an extract from an address by Mr. Charles L. Flint, in 1872, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, who probably knows as much of the subject as any one. He says, drawing comparison especially with the rest of the United States and with the best farming districts of Europe:

"Any impartial traveller would admit that there is no farming community in the world presenting, as a whole and with few exceptions, greater evidences of thrift, prosperity, enterprise, and comfort than our own. There may be, and there doubtless are, wealthier communities, countries where the landed property is concentrated and held in fewer hands; but for a free people working their own farms, and dependent upon their own honest labor alone, it seems to me our country towns present the practical proofs of a remarkable material prosperity which is at once the result and the criterion of success."

Yours truly,

E. C.

EAST MILTON, MASS., September 21, 1878.

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not see why I should not put in my word. I have two girls, one of whom I have just had to forbid to go to school for some months, she having overworked herself in her successful efforts to pass the entrance examination to a high-school. I take shame to myself for this state of things, and, having had my eyes opened before much real harm has been done, I sympathize with "School-Hunter," and wish such a school as he longs for was set up near me.

I understand now the educational abomination of desolation spoken of by Professor Huxley, viz.: The stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. He says, that as early risers are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon, so children who are forced to rise too early in their classes are conceited all the forenoon of life, and stupid all the afternoon. Vigor and freshness have been washed out of them by book-gluttony and lesson-bibbing. Real culture may be bought too dear, and to throw away health in the pursuit of modern pseudo-culture is mere insanity.

I do not think, with C. B. M., that the strength of early New England tradition is failing fast, and that something is needed to save us from early self-indulgence and from querulous old age. I think that something is needed to stem the tide of the senseless accumulation of studies, the high-pressure education, the wanton neglect of health, the absurd and useless competitive examinations which distinguish too many of our schools. Such a school as "School-Hunter" wishes for his girls—one where there is no "culchur," no cramming, and a good gymnasium—I would like for mine. But there are no such schools. There never will be until parents demand them. Then, when cramming and over-tasking weak bodies with tasks silly in themselves and wicked in view of their results have done their work, and the eyes of all of us are opened as the eyes of some now are, we shall have what we need.

As I may not be allowed to intrude upon you again I desire here to uplift my voice, in speaking of the education of girls, against the utter and thankless waste of time incurred in the study of music. Why should our daughters pound and strum for years and years with no comfort to themselves and little pleasure to others, their parents knowing all the

while that the expense incurred is useless, and that piano and music-book will be closed for good as soon as their daughters are married? No fetish-worship was ever half so stupid as our practice in this respect.

I am yours, etc.,

M.

Another correspondent writes:

"As one of the twenty per cent. (and thinking well of the position) I am, perhaps, outside of the subject; yet there is one point in your article I should like to speak of. I think you do not give quite weight enough to, or, at least, you rather slur over, the necessity for a real mental training for girls. What you speak of as the 'power of acquisition' I would rather call the *habit of applying the mind*. I think this cannot be gained except through some definite *schooling* between the ages of thirteen and eighteen. What you say about 'politics of Central Asia,' etc., is partly what I mean, but it is really not enough, and dismisses the point a little too curtly. I speak of what I know, for it has been the great personal want of my life. I have a fair average mind, yet I am behind in every way. I cannot use my mind, such as it is; and I am habitually silent in the presence of others, and only not 'mortified by a sense of insignificance' because I have ceased to care about myself. When I was young and did care, it was a source of deep mortification to me. Naturally, I have considered why this should be, and I am sure it is because my mind was not trained to apply itself in girlhood. If I had had a daughter to bring up I would have made her spend those five years—from thirteen to eighteen—almost exclusively upon some such study, for instance, as the history of England, beginning with the Saxon kings and carrying along with it some of the contemporaneous history, and its biography and specimens of its literature. Thoroughly done, this would be enough for the schooling of any woman; it would result in the habit I speak of; three hours a day during those years would do it *thoroughly*. There was much exaggeration in the medical outcry about the injury of study on the health of women. The system and habits of an American school may do this injury, but the closest application of a girl's mind for three or four hours a day cannot do the harm of the vacant *ennui* or the nervous excitement in which girls spend so much of their time. The 'restless, unhappy, puzzled, waiting' (?) state which your 'Veteran' proposes to remedy by a needle would be better remedied by diverting a girl's mind to the study of a *real* subject, varied as I have suggested.

"As for the matter of the needle, by the bye. I can sew as well as any woman and better than most, but I hate it with a heavy hatred, and nothing but the fact of wanting money for other purposes than dressmaking bills would ever make me touch a needle. It provokes me to hear the 'Veteran' call it 'emphatically a woman's resource'; it may be a convenience—it is nothing more. Used as she suggests, it is a 'bar to mental activity,' it promotes vacaney of mind; it does not soothe real distress, and it is physically injurious. The 'restless' young girl would do far better to take a walk, or a book, or dig in the garden.

"The discussion began with the search for a school, but the greater part of your advice relates to what a girl should learn in a well-ordered home, and can't so well be taught in a school. There is one thing neither you nor the others have mentioned, though perhaps you consider it covered by your demand for administrative capacity, and that is the use and value of time. If you soberly observe how we women use time you can't fail to see how much more might *safely* be got out of our lives. Dawdling is quite as fatiguing as activity; the frittering of time is *more* nervously exhausting than the steady employment of it. No household, once organized, can possibly require more than one hour—often not half an hour—of a mistress's time daily. Yet see what a fuss we make about it! There is no reason whatever why a woman should not attend to her household, educate her daughters, see after their clothes, and yet have a good half of the day for out-door employments, for reading, and for social life and enjoyment."

Notes.

HENRY HOLT & CO. announce for early publication an abridged Boswell's 'Life of Johnson'; Roscher's 'Political Economy,' translated by J. J. Lalor, in two volumes; a second edition of 'Life and Faith,' sonnets by George McKnight, revised with additions; a new edition of 'Goodholme's Domestic Cyclopaedia'; and, among their new hand-books,

'The Studio Arts,' by Elizabeth Winthrop Johnson; and the 'Zoology of the Vertebrates,' by Prof. A. Macalister, of the University of Dublin.—Other fall announcements are as follows: By D. Appleton & Co.: 'Autobiography and Reminiscences' by John Brougham; 'American Painters,' eighty full-page wood-engravings after representative pictures; and Van Laun's 'History of the French Revolution.'—By Macmillan & Co.: the fourth volume of Lanfey's 'History of Napoleon I.'; a complete edition of Matthew Arnold's 'Poems,' prepared for this market; 'A Plan for a Rational Education,' by Grant Duff; and 'Notes on Turner's Liber Studiorum,' by W. G. Rawlinson.—By Cassell, Petter & Galpin: 'Pleasant Spots about Oxford,' by W. A. Rimmer, illustrated; and 'Familiar Wild Flowers,' by F. E. Hulme, with forty colored plates.—By Dodd, Mead & Co.: a series of 'Lives of Famous American Indians,' edited by the Rev. Edward Eggleston and his daughter.—By Houghton, Osgood & Co.: 'The Family Library of British Poetry,' selected by James T. Fields and E. P. Whipple; a new volume of Whittier's verse, 'The Vision of Echard, and Other Poems'; a dramatic poem, 'Prince Deukalion,' by Bayard Taylor; 'The Political Register and Congressional Directory,' by Major Ben Perley Poore, apparently the counterpart of Mr. Lanman's 'Biographical Annals'; 'The College Book,' edited by Charles F. Richardson and Henry Alden Clark, descriptive of twenty-four American universities, and adorned with heliotypes; 'Society of the Spiritual Form of Man,' by Henry James, Sr.; and a translation of Weber's 'History of Indian Literature.'—By Little, Brown & Co.: 'Addresses and Orations of Rufus Choate'; a 'Mémorial of the late Hon. B. R. Curtis,' by his son; the 'Law of Railroads,' by Edward L. Pierce; and the 'Law of Evidence,' by Professor J. B. Thayer.—By Lee & Shepard: 'The Pioneers of Art in America,' sketches of Connecticut artists, with portraits and pictorial copies of their works, by A. W. French.—By the New England Publishing Co.: a 'Life of Laura Dewey Bridgman,' by Mrs. Mary Swift Lawson.—By the German Book and News Co., Chicago: a 'History of Germans in Illinois,' by Emil Dietzsch.—By Bryan, Brand & Co., St. Louis: a 'History of the Confederate First and Second Missouri Brigades.'—No. 1 of the *Art Interchange* calls for little remark except that a beginning has been made. In a combined "art and household journal," as this aims to be, perhaps "Theresa," with her query about the origin and introduction of "The German," must be admitted, but we should think that "Intellectus," enquiring about the peculiarities of the harvest moon, had better be discouraged.—Among the latest English announcements we observe an apologetic 'Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield,' by Francis Hitchman, a Manchester journalist; a collection of essays by the late James Hinton, uniform with his Life; 'Records from Jerusalem, Consular Chronicles, 1853-1856,' by James Finn; 'The Geology of Ireland,' by G. H. Kinahan; 'Etna,' a history of the mountain and its eruptions, by G. F. Rodwell; 'Mind in the Lower Animals, in Health and Disease,' by Dr. W. Lauder Lindsay; a translation of Haeckel's 'History of the Evolution of Man'; and 'Child Life in Japan,' by Mrs. M. Chaplin Ayton, an attractive subject, illustrated by Japanese artists.—A copy of Captain Cook's diary, July 13, 1772-January 11, 1773, has been found in the library of the Halle University, and may prove valuable.—It is "the thing," even at the antipodes, for newspapers to keep explorers on their staff. The Australian *Queenslander* has despatched an expedition to survey the country between Blackwall and Port Darwin, with an eye to the practicability of a railway route.

—Mr. Sidney S. Rider, Providence, has begun the publication of two series of brochures, one entitled 'Personal Narratives of the Battles of the Rebellion,' the other, 'Rhode Island Historical Tracts,' and three numbers have appeared in each series. The narratives are as unpretending as possible, but they show unusual discrimination on the part of the writers (representing here the three branches of the service), and their testimony to the hopes and fears of the raw volunteers from the North, to the behavior of particular regiments, and to the incidents of battle, is at once graphic and obviously trustworthy. Thus, what could be more suggestive of the nature of the first Bull Run retreat than these passages from Lieut.-Col. Monroe's Narrative (R. I. Artillery):

"The scene was one of indescribable confusion, although there appeared to be no fright or tremor in the minds of the men who were leaving the field. . . . [It] was such as to remind one of that which can be seen daily in any large manufacturing town or village when the operatives, let loose by the expiration of their hours of labor, all set out for their respective homes. . . . all depart according to their respective bent and wills. So upon this field, the general impression seemed to be that the day's work was done, and that the next thing in order was repose."

"I overtook Captain Reynolds, who crossed a little in advance of me, and just as I rode along-side of him, a shot from the enemy's artillery

struck the ground only a few feet from us. Unsophisticated as I was, I could not understand why they should continue to fire upon us when we were doing the best that we could to let them alone, and I said to Captain Reynolds, "What do you suppose they are trying to do?" His reply was a characteristic one: "They are trying to kill every mother's son of us; that is what they are trying to do."

The cavalry narrative is excellent, particularly in regard to the reform in that arm, under General Stoneman, and to the devastation of the Shenandoah Valley. The Historical Tracts also have to tell of Rhode Island prowess, military and naval. Some of the exploits of the famous Wanton Family, whose history is related by Mr. John Russell Bartlett with fulness of anecdote and genealogical detail, will never be surpassed. Professor Diman, again, describes the capture of the British Gen. Richard Prescott by Lt.-Col. Wm. Barton at Portsmouth, R. I., in July, 1777—an achievement which connects colonial daring with that of the civil war. This Tract is illustrated by a portrait of Barton and a map of Narragansett Bay, and otherwise. The third, by Mr. Alexander Farnum, sets forth the claims of the Northmen as pre-Columbian discoverers of America and visitors to Rhode Island, and does so temperately but not more conclusively than some of his predecessors have done. The argument is a constructive one, and, plausible as it may be, it must ever lack the persuasiveness of one clear relic of Norse origin. All these pamphlets are neatly printed on large paper, and in limited number. They are a most praiseworthy undertaking.

—The *Atlantic* has recently given much space and prominence to social and economic topics, to the great gain of its readers. The leading article of the current number, upon "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," is a clear, concise, and careful exposition of some of the changes which have passed upon the face and character of our people within the last twenty-five years. The vastly greater importance of the economic over other results of the war in influencing the habits and standard of living among the middle class, the lessened force of patriotic and religious motives, the transformation of the church into a depository of social rather than religious influences, the rise of a vague and easy-going infidelity, the rank growth and contagious spread of the now vast body of ill-defined superstition and morbid emotion comprised in Spiritualism, the appearance of a working-class which looks on capital as its prey rather than as its employer, and which believes the function of the Government is to secure prosperity without the need of hard labor, the immobility of the cultivated and propertied classes as compared with the ceaseless activity among the lower orders—these and kindred matters are the texts on which the unknown writer hangs his terse remarks and valuable suggestions. He is not, however, merely an essayist: he sounds a call to arms. The measures which he proposes as remedies are an organization, similar to the New England Loyal Publication Society of war time, for the distribution of broadsides; the publication of a popular newspaper devoted to the central ideas of his article; the issue of small books upon subjects connected with political economy, to be adapted to the slowest comprehension; the use of persuasive speaking and preaching; a "religious and moral philosophy that will inspire patriotism and hold us strenuously to the work of making this country a clean, orderly, and wholesome dwelling-place, school, and home for human beings"; the development of utilitarian doctrines, "so far as they are capable of becoming a religious inspiration and motive for men"; a change in the reading of the people; and the expenditure of "a million dollars" within three years. One feels like taking a long breath after that, and fears that the builder of these comprehensive schemes will have to content himself with his own single-handed effort and the knowledge that here and there are others devoted to the same work in their unknown places; but the diagnosis of our moral condition here given is that of a patriotic, thoughtful, sincere, and observant man, and should, and undoubtedly will, quicken a more careful and universal reflection upon our national character.

—Mr. Brooks Adams writes of the "Abuse of Taxation," particularly in the city of Boston, where it appears that "every third dollar which a man's accumulated savings will earn is taken from him by the Government"; and he also points out that where, as in Boston, possible municipal indebtedness is limited by law, to pay off the principal of the debt is to increase the temptation to extravagant expenditure. Mr. Bigelow discusses the "Relations of Labor and Capital" in a paragraphic and statistical way, but with great force and clearness and with evident care, and has made an economic article better fitted for popular reading than any we have seen. In giving so much space to these three articles we have not neglected the literature of the magazine, for it is not of the best. "The

Europeans" comes to an end. The review of recent novels has the charm of style and critical taste which reveal the well-known hand of its author. "The Home Life at Brook Farm" is interesting from its subject. Mrs. Stowe's story is on a threadbare theme; and the poetry—but of that we will not speak. We again commend the confessions of men in literary life in the Contributors' Club to all aspirants for literary honors.

—The other magazines may be more shortly dismissed. They are each of their average excellence, but contain little that calls for extended comment. In *Lippincott's* that wanderer on the face of the earth, Lady Barker, now removed from Natal to Mauritius, resumes her sprightly correspondence, and in a single letter effectively outlines the characteristics of this tropical island, whose acreage is enormous in proportion to its length and breadth, so that "three miles in any direction will show you a greater variety of beautiful scenery than the same distance over any other part of the habitable globe"; from which the Great Bear and the Southern Cross are both visible at the same time; and in which, though an English possession, "you never hear English spoken except among a few officials," and the very newspapers are in French, "with only here and there a column of English." The other most readable paper is that by Mr. George Kennan on the popular talk and proverbs and stories of the Caucasus—what he calls the unwritten literature. But, as in all cases of folk-lore, much of it has been written down and printed. The old fable, "Why Blind Men should Carry Lanterns at Night," if it is to be reproduced any more, should follow the inimitable version of the Portuguese "New Guide of the Conversation." New to us, and good, is the story of the Stingy Mullah, who was drowning, but would not be helped by the man who cried, *Give me your hand*; only by him who cried, *Take my hand*! In *Harper's* Mr. Ernest Ingersoll's illustrated paper, "Around the Peconics," is the best of its kind that has appeared in the magazine for many a day, being light without being superficial or perfunctory, and as restrained in style as it is full of information. It has for its subject the eastern end of Long Island, a region of high antiquity, great primitiveness, quiet prosperity, and vast resources for summer enjoyment—resources which the completion of the Brooklyn bridge may greatly develop. Good descriptive articles are Mr. Rideing's "New England Dairy and Stock Farm," and Mr. Byers's "St. Gothard Tunnel"; and we should add Mr. Carroll's "New York in Summer," if we could praise its exuberant phraseology. Stanley's narrative is condensed for this number by Mr. John Russell Young.

—The only paper in *Scribner's* which one might be sorry to miss is Gen. Viele's "Trip with Lincoln, Chase, and Stanton," a trip which ended in the capture of Norfolk and the blowing up of the *Merrimac*. Mr. Chase is here represented as temporarily assuming a military command at a critical moment, to the great advantage of our arms. Of Mr. Lincoln a number of stories are told: none so good, however, as those lately made public in the same magazine by Mr. Noah Brooks, who, besides, had not quite so flattering an account to give of Mr. Chase. Gen. Viele relates that he saw the President on this trip hold an axe "at arm's length at the extremity of the helve with his thumb and forefinger" for a number of minutes, and he infers that the proposed kidnapping of Mr. Lincoln would not have been child's play for those who attempted it. It is rather odd to find the second of the late Robert Dale Owen's posthumous papers—"Recallings from a Public Life"—a defence of the annexation of Texas and the consequent war with Mexico. He even adduces these events as proof that "our country, in her relations to foreign nations, has been habitually just, moderate, forbearing." Mr. Owen was at the time a Democratic member of the House of Representatives and was a supporter of the Administration, so that in some measure his narrative is a personal apology. The youthful reader of it should not only remember this, but, as Mr. Owen's writings always bear the marks of candor, should be warned that he unintentionally omits the most essential considerations of the case—the nature of the "settlement" of the Mexican province of Texas from the American border; the character of the prime movers in Texan independence and of the population; the free constitution of Mexico and the slaveholding constitution of the revolted province; the necessity of war as a result of annexation; the political and economical motives of the South in promoting war; finally, the whole machinery of the intrigue which, in Mr. Owen's recollection, appears as an accident to a magnanimous and disinterested bystander. In spite of the "thirty years' interval for dispassionate thought" the student of that dark passage in our history will do better to turn back to Lundy, and David Lee Child, and Jay, and J. Q. Adams, and commit to heart the contemporary "Biglow Papers."

—In the recent collection of cartoons from *Punch* illustrating the political career of Lord Beaconsfield, we miss one of very considerable interest connected with a perfectly characteristic event in his early public life. It represents Mr. Disraeli, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, as a lachrymose magpie, with papers in his beak labelled, "M. Thiers's speech on Marshal Gouvion de St. Cyr!" The title of the cartoon is, "A stump- orator with his bone from the French." It was occasioned by Mr. Disraeli's speech on the death of the Duke of Wellington, delivered in Parliament, November 15, 1852, a considerable portion of which it was soon afterwards discovered was taken from M. Thiers's panegyric on the French marshal. We give below two parallel passages, the translation of M. Thiers's speech being taken from the *Morning Chronicle* of July 1, 1848:

Disraeli.
"At every moment he has to think of the eve and the morrow, of his flank and of his rear; he has to calculate at the same time the state of the weather and the moral qualities of men; and all these elements that are perpetually changing he has to combine, sometimes under overpowering heat, sometimes under overpowering cold, oftentimes in famine, and frequently amidst the roar of artillery."

"To be able to think with vigor, with depth, and with clearness in the recesses of the cabinet, is a great intellectual demonstration; but to think with equal vigor, clearness, and depth amidst the noise of bullets appears to me the loftiest exercise and the most complete triumph of human faculties."

A clever *jeu d'esprit*, which appeared at the same time, is also worth recalling:

"In sounding great Wellington's praise
Dizzy's grief and his truth both appear,
For a great flood of tears (Thiers) he lets fall
Which were certainly meant for sincere (St. Cyr)."

—Frankfort-on-Main was the seat of the "Association for the Reform and Codification of the Law of Nations," at its sixth annual Conference, August 20-24. The long and late session of the English Parliament, the preoccupation of the Germans in their election, and the various Congresses at Paris, Stockholm, and Geneva, combined to make the attendance smaller than in previous years; but the body was in better working order for being small, and it was sufficiently strong and representative to give weight to its conclusions. The report of the Council showed that the Rules of General Average adopted last year, and known as the "York and Antwerp Rules," had been widely approved in almost every country having relations to commerce; and also that the draft code on bills of exchange adopted at Bremen in 1876 had been substantially adopted by the Scandinavian kingdoms, and was regarded with favor in financial and official circles in Austria, Germany, England, and the United States. It was agreed to recommend eighteen months as the limit for bringing suit against the endorser of a protested note, the endorser to be entitled to a prompt notification of the protest. This is intended as a compromise between the English and American system on the one hand and the German and Austrian on the other. At the instance of the Committee on Patent Law and Copyright, special delegates were appointed to the Congresses on these subjects to meet at Paris in September. The Association recommended to the International Code Committee of New York to use its influence with the Government of the United States to procure in future treaties with foreign powers a declaration, that each country which is a party to such treaty shall guarantee to authors of all other countries the same rights which are secured to its own citizens by its law of copyright. The motive to this resolution was that, as the Bancroft treaty with Germany is about to be revised, such a clause might be introduced as an experiment, requiring only the sanction of the President and Senate, and preparing the way for a general law of international copyright by Congress. Sir Travers Twiss read a paper on "The necessity of an international concert to punish *criminally* the non-observance of the international rules of navigation for the prevention of collision on the high seas"; and a committee was charged to bring this matter to the notice of maritime powers.

—In public international law the Frankfort Conference was largely occupied with two points of special interest, which indicate a new departure. The first was war-indemnity, with special reference to the claim of an aggressive Power to indemnity in the event of conquest. Several theses were laid down, and among them the following:

"If an aggressive Power is allowed to indemnify itself equally with a Power which had repelled and conquered its invader, then indemnity, instead of being a restraint upon war, may be an incentive to war. Such an anomaly cannot fairly represent the Law of Nations. If it does, then the law calls loudly for reform."

After an animated discussion, the Association unanimously appointed a special committee to report upon this question at the next conference. The second point of attraction was this: The Chinese and Japanese embassies at London, Paris, and Berlin appeared at the Conference in person or by letter to remonstrate against the existing "Capitulations" as an offence to their national sovereignty and a hindrance to commercial intercourse with western nations. Their case was forcibly presented in English and in French, and Europeans and Americans were made to wince under the description by these Orientals of consuls deputed by western nations to administer justice in the East. The Japanese urged that, having abolished torture and cruel punishment, and having adopted the *Code Napoléon*, they should be trusted to administer their laws in accordance with modern civilization. The Chinese pleaded that changes in their laws and customs must necessarily be slow, but that Europeans should aim to help rather than hinder their development. Already in 1876 the Association had appointed a commission upon "the rules of intercourse between Christian and non-Christian peoples"; and the Japanese and Chinese deputations were now added to this commission, with a view to devising some system of mixed tribunals for the present period of transition.

—Among recent publications in Germany we may note the appearance of the first volume (containing Pindar) of a fourth edition of Bergk's invaluable corpus of the Greek Lyric Poets; the two others are promised at an early date. In 1871 Ritschl began a second edition of his critical recension of Plautus, assisted by Löwe, Götz, and Schöll, with the "Trinummus" as the first fasciculus of the first volume; it is probably to be continued by them, as the second fasciculus has now appeared ("Epidicus," by Götz). Georg Curtius, with L. Lange, O. Ribbeck, and H. Lipsius, has issued the first number of a new serial, *Leipziger Studien zur classischen Philologie*. It is to come out twice a year and contain select philological doctors' dissertations of the Leipzig University, as well as occasionally prize treatises, "habilitation" lectures, short contributions from the Philological Seminary and other scientific societies of Leipzig, and possibly contributions by the editors themselves. B. Westermann & Co. have sent us the specimen map of a series of "Descriptiones nobilissimorum apud classicos locorum," edited by A. von Kampten. The design is to furnish for each of the classic historians topographical maps, in sheets, to the extent that they may be needed to make the text intelligible. A beginning has been made with Caesar and the fight with the Helvetii at Bibracte, and we have before us also the plan of Alesia with the surrounding country, the lines of the Roman circumvallation and camps, etc. Space is also found for a perspective view of Alesia, and sectional views of the various modes of fortification, the *evvus*, *stimulus*, *cippi*, etc. These maps are cheap, and, being detached, can easily be consulted by students of the Gallic War, book in hand. From Westermann & Co. we have also received two ponderous volumes, consisting of nearly 1,000 pages, on the Civilized Countries of Ancient America (*Die Culturländer des alten Amerika*), by A. Bastian. The first volume is occupied with the narrative of a year's journey in Ecuador, Columbia, and Guatemala, the second is ethnological and historical. Any further account of these works must necessarily be postponed, but special students need only the guarantee of the author's name.

ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON.—I.*

THE place of Albert Sidney Johnston among the military officers who fought for the Confederacy in the Great Rebellion is a peculiar one. By common consent he is treated as one of the leading characters of the war, yet his career in it was brief and marked only by disasters to the cause he had espoused. As departmental commander in the West, he had to bear the responsibility of the loss of Forts Henry and Donelson, the evacuation of Columbus on the Mississippi River, the abandonment of the great central region of the theatre of war from Bowling Green in Kentucky to North Alabama and Mississippi, and the disaster of Pea Ridge, Missouri, which permanently crippled the Confederacy west of the Mississippi River. He died at Shiloh just before the turn in the tide of that battle and when victory seemed just within his grasp. But the second day's fighting brought a reverse to the Southern arms, and his death is therefore permanently associated with a great defeat of his army, a triumph of the national forces, which marked a most important crisis in the war.

That the biographer is his son would make it certain, in advance, that

* "The Life of General Albert Sidney Johnston, embracing his Services in the Armies of the United States, the Republic of Texas, and the Confederate States. By William Preston Johnston." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. 755.

the estimate of his life would not be coldly critical. It is, in fact, a warm and affectionate eulogy, in which no little literary skill is used to heighten the color of whatever can honor his memory and to apologize for whatever could detract from his fame. The plan of the book was made to include several brief historical episodes which serve to refresh the reader's memory in regard to events lost from view and dim in the remembrance of the present generation, though not yet part of the standard histories of the time. The Indian question and the causes of the Black Hawk war, the Texan war of independence and annexation to the United States, the rise of Mormonism and its threatened rebellion, are each in turn treated in a brief but clear sketch, interesting in itself, and lending increased importance to Johnston's connection with each. The effect is perhaps to exaggerate the consequence of his earlier career by the tacit implication that his influence upon the events narrated was a strong one; and the critical reader is occasionally made to suspect that this is part of the pardonable if not praiseworthy art of the biographer.

The real question in regard to Albert Sidney Johnston is, whether the admirable traits of character which made his private life in most respects a model, and which excited great expectations of him as a commanding general, were really supplemented by the force of will and courage of intellect which are necessary to make a great leader in the field. Romanes may make the business of war one in which tender human sympathies and modest deference to the opinions and wishes of others may be in full activity of exercise whilst campaigns are going on; but the truth is that too clear a vision of the suffering caused by a battle, of the miseries of a people who live in the theatre of war, and especially of the tremendous consequences hanging upon the decision to offer battle, has a tendency to paralyze the will in proportion to the clearness with which contingent results are apprehended. Many an officer of highest personal courage has flinched under the responsibilities of a chief command, and has so entered the category of the familiar list of those who if they never had been chief would have been universally regarded as fit for the honor. The careful array in this book of all that can be said in the affirmative falls a little short of proving the greatest talents for commander in General Sidney Johnston. A longer career might have given the demonstration which is not now complete, for we take it that since his biographer insists that Grant and Sherman learned valuable lessons from his attack at Shiloh, it would not be denied that he too was gaining knowledge with experience in the campaign which saw his plans crumble with the advance of the Union soldiers and Foote's gunboats up the Cumberland and Tennessee Rivers.

We think Johnston suffers from the too great claims made for him as a soldier prior to his appointment in the Confederate service. We are told, for instance, on the authority of Richard Taylor, that Gen. Zachary Taylor had called him "the best soldier he had ever commanded"; but how can this appear otherwise than absurd when we remember that the only service of Johnston in Taylor's command in battle was as a volunteer staff officer in the single battle of Monterey, where the careful scrutiny of his biographer fails to show us anything so extraordinary (*good* conduct he exhibited, of course) as to warrant so exceptional praise. So, also, the exclamation of "two foreign officers" on leaving his tent at Bowling Green, before he had fought a battle, that he was "the very *beau idéal* of a general," can only be regarded as a tribute of admiration to his imposing presence and admirable deportment, backed no doubt by the real intelligence and character his conversation showed. As a military judgment it can have no weight in the absence of real exploits. We would not forget that in a memoir of this kind family affection may properly love to gather and preserve the tributes of admiration paid him, but care should be taken to draw the line between these proofs of personal love and friendship and the public evidence of achievement. He went into a great struggle overweighted with a reputation which gave him no room for the inevitable mistakes of inexperience, and for the hardening process only to be got by familiarity in the practice of command amidst great perils. If these conditions could be annulled there would be no difference between the veteran and the recruit. A truer judgment of him, as we think, would be made by emphasizing rather than blurring the absence of experience in real war which marked his somewhat long connection with military affairs.

What, then, were the facts? A graduate of West Point, he had served on the staff of General Atkinson in the brief Indian campaign known as the Black Hawk war. Resigning while still a subaltern, after some years of civil life he volunteered in the Texas revolution, but whilst useful and active as organizer and in the discipline of troops, fortune gave him no opportunity to see or participate in a battle. He became Secretary of

War for the little Texan State, and performed his administrative duties well. The war between the United States and Mexico came, and he was made colonel of a Texas volunteer regiment, which, however, did not join Taylor's command till after the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca. Before the next engagement, that of Monterey, the regiment claimed the expiration of its sixty days' enlistment and was disbanded; but Johnston served, as we have already stated, on the staff as assistant inspector-general. Failing of another regular appointment, he went home; and during the remainder of the war was engaged in farming—a promise to his wife being in the way of his further volunteering. A little later he was made a paymaster in the United States army, and in 1855, on the recommendation of the Legislature of Texas, and by the strong influence of his friend Jefferson Davis, then Pierce's Secretary of War, he was made colonel of a new regiment of United States cavalry. As its commandant he had charge of the frontier of Texas, and portions of his troops had skirmishes with Indians, but it does not appear that there was any engagement of sufficient importance to justify his presence in person. He was assigned to the command of the expedition to Utah in 1857, but no hostile collision occurred. Next came a departmental command in California, during which the Rebellion came, and Johnston resigned, as did many other Southern officers of the army, to join the Confederacy. It will thus be seen that it was literally true that Sidney Johnston had never been in personal command of troops in battle until he went upon the field at Shiloh on the last day of his life. He had shown merit in all the duties of other kinds which had been given him to do; but their performance, while it gave hope and expectation of success in the greater responsibilities, was not a test of generalship, and the extravagant praise of which we have given samples is injudiciously repeated, since it challenges the enquiry: What had been accomplished to warrant it?

The point upon which criticism of Johnston's generalship has been severest is his inaction during the time that Grant and Foote were moving on Forts Henry and Donelson. Not to go into the tedious dispute as to the relative numbers of his forces and those opposed to him, but assuming that his army was inferior to the national, it seems to us that he must stand convicted of having done much less than might fairly have been expected of a general of really great character. It will be remembered that the Confederate line extended from Columbus, on the Mississippi River, through Bowling Green to the mountain region of Eastern Kentucky. Forts Henry and Donelson were intended to close the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers respectively, and formed part of the line. Johnston himself was at or near Bowling Green, which had been carefully fortified with field-works. It is asserted for him that his forces were so inferior in strength that any aggressive movement would have displayed his weakness and dispelled the illusions of the Union officers as to his numerical superiority. Hence the conclusion is drawn that there was nothing left for him but to distribute his army as well as he could at important points, and wait patiently till his adversaries chose to take the initiative, when he would make the stoutest resistance he could, and if beaten at any one point, reform his broken line in Northern Alabama and Mississippi, abandoning half of Kentucky and the whole of Tennessee.

The masters in the art of war have not been wont to accept any such defensive rôle, and Johnston's adoption of it must bar his claim to enter the very first rank of generals. But, waiving this, his allowing Donelson to be attacked and captured without putting every available man at that critical point, and giving them the courage and inspiration of his own presence, must be regarded in a military point of view as a very grave fault. Colonel Mumford, who was on his staff, is quoted (p. 491) as telling that "a few weeks" before these events Johnston had confided to him his expectation that the national armies would operate by the rivers, and probably break his line there. He did not expect Buell to attack him in his entrenchments at Bowling Green—he only wished he would! Accepting this as the real condition of his mind, it is too clear for argument that, if he had any faith in his personal power to lead men, his place was at Donelson when the attack was made. The event proved that the incompetency of the officers in command there was the chief cause of an immediate disaster. The will and courage which Johnston afterward showed on the field at Shiloh, and one more division, might have turned disaster into triumph. This is no mere judgment after the fact. We have shown that he anticipated the result, and that all the elements of the calculation were in his hands weeks before. Henry fell on the 6th of February, Donelson on the 16th, ten days afterward. His troops marched in retreat from Bowling Green on the 11th, and by the time the surrender of Donelson was completed they were south of Nashville. These

dates tell their own story. They show that the troops which might have been at Donelson were not at Bowling Green, and were not wanted there when the crisis came. A moiety of them under the lead of Hardee would have done all that the whole did in delaying the advance of Buell, and Johnston in person with the rest on the Cumberland, after the check to Foote's flotilla, might have driven Grant back to the Ohio. Such a result would have been a much better check to Buell than could have been given in any other way. Indeed, it is difficult to tell how great might have been the change in the history of the war. The end would have been the same, but it might have been longer coming. Mindful of the sound maxim that it is not for a general to command success, but only to deserve it, we do not judge Johnston for his defeat, but for having plainly failed to do what the rules of military art called for—for not seizing vigorously and promptly the favoring chances which the advanced position of Grant's attack gave him. The audacity of the Federal commander was a great virtue in him, and, to justify his own claim to generalship, Johnston should have met it with an audacity and vigor at least equal.

RECENT NOVELS.*

'DOSIA' and 'Ariadne' are two pleasant books, written about Russian things and people, by a lady who evidently finds life go on as easily in Russia as elsewhere. She describes no dim limbo where unquiet spirits roam, each with a vital discontent and a vague hope hugged to the heart. None of her heroes want to overturn society; nor do her heroines desperately free themselves from the intolerable burden of family life. Aristocratic circles in St. Petersburg are much like those of other capitals, and one would never recognize Henry Gréville's Russia as the dreary land where Turgeneff's heroes dream vague but destructive dreams. 'Dosia' is a pretty ordinary kind of a story, one of its best points being the description of the heroine's early tom-boy existence. Her superfluous activity wears off and leaves a charming girl, who goes through her love story and its trials very satisfactorily. There is some *couleur locale* in the book, but more of that atmosphere of "good society," which is the same everywhere. 'Ariadne' has far more claim to pathos and plot, and a much more characteristic touch. The Princess Olga, reckless, proud, ruining Ariadne's life thoughtlessly, like the school-girl that she is, then as hastily endeavoring to make up for her injuries by lavishing affection and taking her into her own home, is certainly unhackneyed, and Ariadne, with her superb voice and her gentle nature, is like some beautiful butterfly in the hands of a child who first insists on stroking it, as a proof of affection, and then kills it, as Olga does Ariadne.

Many writers, we suppose, find it difficult to construct a satisfactory plot, but only Mrs. Molesworth, so far as we know, has solved the problem by taking 'Pride and Prejudice' from the shelf, and using that admirable plot for her own story. There is something to be said in favor of such a method. It cannot be called plagiarism, for it is innocently open and complete, and the effect is of pleasant variations on a favorite tune; and it is most unlikely that Mrs. Molesworth, if she had attempted to be original, could have been as successful. With this allowance 'Hathercourt' is pleasant summer-reading. Lilius Western is a shade livelier than Jane Bennett, but Mary, though she has an honest charm of her own, bears no comparison with our dear Elizabeth. Mr. Cheviott has more temper and less wit than Darcy. Mrs. Bennett is quite unrepresented; and there are no officers, which is a great loss. Still, the identity of circumstance is so absolute throughout the book as to be rather bewildering. We recommend Dunlop's 'History of Fiction,' or some of the Italian collections of *Novelle*, to Mrs. Molesworth.

Florence Montgomery has written one or two pathetic child's stories—*i. e.*, stories about children—not at all stories for children; and they have had a fearful success; but in attempting in 'Scaforth' a larger canvas she is unable to draw her figures to scale, and lapses into the melodramatic shallows which are perilously near to the course of her smaller stories. We can say truly that there is not a natural person in the book; hero and heroine are both impossible, and the minor characters stalk and strut, fold their arms—do everything but say Ha! There is a pretty little sketch of an idyllic family life passed near Monaco by the mother and sisters of the hero after he leaves them "to take his state upon him," and

there are two refreshingly rampant boys who ask for what they want and get as much as they can of it, in a way quite inconsistent with the dark secrets and tragic manners which pervade the book. Notwithstanding all this, if any one likes to read 'Scaforth,' they will recognize something of the same quality which has been found so attractive in other books by the same author.

Of the five volumes of Appleton's New Handy Volume Series which are in hand there is not much to be said, as they make no great claims—only, we suppose, to soothe partially the annoyances of travel—and they might very well help one to forget for a short time the cinders threatening one's eye-sight, and the children eating and squabbling on the next seat. There is a good deal of variety in the little books—bookings, booklets—what should we call them? 'Jet,' by Mrs. Edwards, scrambles gaily through the debatable land of shabby foreign society, and carries a gleam of youth and innocence with her. 'The Fisherman of Auge' is a Norman story of peasant loves and trials; clean and honest—safe to offer to the young lady next you in the train. 'Misericordia' is one of the odious stories where wrong is so charming, so full of the best sentiments, that it is simply brutal to call it by its name, and right has not "a leg to stand on": 'A Struggle' is interesting mainly because the scene is laid on the frontier of France, just where and when the German army entered, and the personal story gathers vitality and dignity from the great events around it. 'Gordon Baldwin' is a story of the American Colony in Paris, and is somewhat hard and shallow and melodramatic. 'The Philosopher's Pendulum' we have seen before.

'The Adventures of an American Consul Abroad' have almost a painful verity in them. We are sure of the accuracy of description of every shabby necessity encountered, and every honest endeavor made of no effect. We recommend that the book be printed in pamphlet form and distributed to members of Congress.

'Saxe Holm's Stories' in this instance are five short love-stories, the anonymous writer evidently being convinced that no other subject is much worth treating. The book might bear for motto the old doggerel:

"Oh! 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love
That makes the world go round."

Two of these stories are good—"Farmer Bassett's Romance" and "Joe Hale's Red Stockings"—but the others float in an atmosphere of unreality. There is but a small portion of romance in Farmer Bassett's case, but there is an almost humorous truth of detail really applicable to whole classes as well as to individuals, in what may be called the history of his heart. John Bassett, a farmer of very unusual wealth and leisure, is captivated, or thinks himself captivated, by Miss Fanny Lane, a New York girl, who boards in the autumn in the New England hill-town where John is native. John drives Miss Lane and her mother about the country—they supposing him hired for that purpose by the innkeeper, while in fact he does it to please himself; and he finds Miss Lane's enthusiasm for the country and the autumn sympathetic and soothing. In the winter he goes to see her in New York, and his feeble flame is wholly quenched by seeing a well-furnished parlor and Miss Lane in full dinner dress—circumstances not usually destructive to a healthy passion. Next Mr. Bassett goes home, and, though by no means free from haunting remembrances, he acquiescently marries a gentle neighbor who has patiently waited and hoped. There seems but little enthusiasm about this marriage and at the year's close it is ended by the wife's death. John Bassett puts up with poor servants and bad housekeeping a while, and suddenly marries a notable widow; and the last scene shows her fingering and allotting the poor little finery of the first wife. Altogether, John Bassett may have been a discreet but was anything but a romantic person. "Joe Hale's Red Stockings" might be true, every word of it, and has pleasant pictures of sea and shore, light-house and hospital, and of human beings leading lives therein which make it more remarkable that the same author should write such stuff as "My Tourmaline." It is quite safe to advise an anonymous writer, and certainly if Saxe Holm will study the modesty of nature more exclusively her stories will have a better chance of survival.

The historical romance 'Ponce de Leon; or, The Rise of the Argen-

* 'Jet': Her Face or her Fortune. By Mrs. Annie Edwards, author of 'Archie Lovel,' 'A Blue-Stocking,' etc. (New Handy Volume Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co. Same Series.

'The Fisherman of Auge.' By Katharine S. Macquoid.

'Misericordia.' By Ethel Lynn Linton.

'A Struggle.' By Barrett Phillips.

'Gordon Baldwin and the Philosopher's Pendulum.' By Rudolph Lindan.

'Adventures of a Consul Abroad.' By Samuel Samperton, Esq., late United States Consul at Verde Cuerno. Boston: Lee & Shepherd. 1878.

'Saxe Holm's Stories.' Second series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.

'Ponce de Leon; or, The Rise of the Argentine Republic.' By an E-stanciero. London: Chapman & Hall. 1878.

* 'Ariadne': A Novel. From the French of Henry Gréville. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

'Dosia': A Russian Story. From the French of Henry Gréville. By Mary Neal Sherwood, translator of 'Sidonie,' 'Jack,' etc. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

'Hathercourt.' By Mrs. Molesworth ('Ennis Graham'), author of 'The Cuckoo Clock,' 'Carrots,' etc., etc. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1878.

'Scaforth.' By Florence Montgomery, author of 'Misunderstood,' 'Thrown Together,' Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

time Republic," merits more than a passing notice, less for superior excellence as a literary work than as the vivid portrait of a struggle for political freedom in earnestness and heroism scarcely second to our own master Revolution. Separated as we are by language and latitude from the assemblage of republics sprung from resistance to Spanish dominion in America, alienated by the spectacle of frequent dissensions among their peoples and the revolting exhibitions of human selfishness and cruelty which attend them, it is difficult for us to estimate justly the significance of their gradual and troubled progress. In the light of our finer civilization and attainment, all forms of government similar to our own seem but an imperfect realization of popular will, and we are wont to consider the establishment of democracy in South America as a minor event in the splendid march of republicanism to which our history has given its greatest lustre. Yet we cannot forget the homage rendered to us by the patriots of our earlier century, who, under circumstances no less disheartening, bravely followed the example of our ancestors, and, warned by the merited failure of the Revolution of '89, wisely and dispassionately sought to found a government that should harmonize with the character of a people which tradition and education had apparently for ever debarred from the enjoyment of free institutions. The principles of Magna Charta were to our fathers a lofty encouragement; the Spanish-American patriot had been nurtured only in the hopeless tyranny of the Roman law. To our achievement of independence they owed the aspirations that have lifted their countrymen into the brotherhood of nations, and in many respects entitled them to republican sympathy and esteem. They are as yet great only in the sense of possibilities unlimited; still, the vital elements of grander accomplishment are visible in their ardent love of liberty and their readiness to adopt reform so far as existing opinions permit; and, surely, remembering the cause of our late civil war, we may well pause in our every-day strictures upon a people that dared to embody in its written Constitution the simple, dignified, and humane utterance: "En la Nacion Argentina no hay esclavitud."

The chronicle before us is admirably written, and in accordance with documentary records of the period. The impersonation of leading characters is careful and inspiring, and the details of native life, still essentially unchanged, strictly accurate. It were an invidious criticism to maintain that the Argentines of to-day, by their reluctance to abrogate the law of mortmain, the union of church and state guaranteed by the Constitution, and the refusal to adopt trial by jury in civil suits, are not wholly true to the spirit which animated their ancestors. Are we, then, yet as true as our heroes were? The motives which actuate that unconscionable nomad, the gaucho, notwithstanding the glamour thrown about his life by the author of 'Barbarism and Civilization,' may well be questioned; but will the history of our late war—the enormous bounties, the fraud and corruption, the enemies in our own households—bear impartial scrutiny? Yet the courage and devotion of the "paisanos" are well and faithfully depicted in these pages, and it may be doubted whether the natives of that time had yet acquired the savagery which subsequent familiarity with bloodshed has induced. Certainly, the hordes of Attila can hardly have presented a more ferocious aspect than a squadron of Argentine cavalry during a "revolution" *en règle*. The romance happily blended with the history in this volume is natural and engaging, though scarcely rising to the chaste elegance and charm which mark, here and there, a Spanish-American novel (as in 'El Oficial Mayor,' a Mexican story, in which the characters of Rafael and Virginia recall Chateaubriand and St. Pierre). There is want of clearness and decision in the youth Ponce de Leon—not rare, however, in the royalists during our own Revolution—and certain defects of language leave one strangely in doubt as to native or foreign authorship; yet, throughout, the book is lively, thoughtful, and entertaining, and one may rest assured that the thrilling incidents with which the narrative is interspersed have their parallel in the actual history of the Republic. Amidst the speculative productions of the day, and the emotional intensity which genius and knowledge have infused into our best novels, it is a relief to step back into the free atmosphere of that heroic epoch when the love of country dwarfed all other loves; to ride forth beneath those "balmy airs," released from introspection, and mindful not so much of a future unfulfilled as of a glorious present to which that future must be subservient.

Epochs of Modern History. The Beginning of the Middle Ages. By R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, Honorary Fellow of Oriel. With three maps. (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, pp. 226.)—This volume, which is correctly described by the author as "an introduction or preface to the series of 'Epochs of Modern History,' rather than

as an integral member of the series," covers in the main the same ground as Mr. Curtius's 'Roman Empire,' reviewed by us some months ago. It is brought down, however, two centuries later, to the close of the tenth century, and is, moreover, quite different in its aim, being rather discursive than narrative, and not entering much into detail even in the history of thought and of institutions. The two books supplement one another excellently.

Mr. Church has given an admirable condensed view of the great lines of events during this period of six hundred years, and is particularly good in relation to the influence of Christianity and the Christian church. He presents very clearly (p. 32) the two great questions which were at issue at the commencement of the barbarian period—whether the Goths or the Franks should be the ruling race, the Arian or the Orthodox faith the ruling theology, of the West—questions determined by the adoption of the Orthodox form of faith by the conquering Franks. In the following chapter, too, where (p. 47) the three Roman elements—religion, law, and language—to which the German conquerors were subjected are described, the first of these is made particularly full and clear. Neither does he understate the corruptions of the Church itself by contact with these barbarians and by the possession of power; but he does not by any means do justice to the influence of these corruptions and of the excessive intolerance of the Church in assisting the conquests of the Saracens. It seems to us, too, that he fails to do justice to the Isaurian emperors in their iconoclastic crusade. He does not, however, fail to do justice to this dynasty as able rulers and defenders of Christendom, and as infusing a new life into the Empire (p. 110). Even here, however, he is not as explicit as might be desired in regard to the administrative reforms of Leo the Isaurian, and, indeed, in general, is less satisfactory in treating of constitutional and administrative points than in the more strictly historical parts. For example, the account of the Teutonic organization (p. 45) is far from satisfactory. The conquerors are said to have "divided the land as they settled, either adopting the old divisions, like the *Pagus* (*Pays*), or the *Civitas*, with other indeterminate subdivisions in Gaul, or creating new ones of their own in the more purely Teutonic districts, the *Gau*, and the *Mark* in Germany." Not a word of the *Hundred*, the most fundamental and permanent of all. Moreover, the *Pagus* (district) was the *Civitas*—that is, was the territory of the *Civitas*; and the *Civitas* was the *Gau*—that is, was made use of by the conquerors for their purposes, received the name, in their system, of *Gau*, and was governed by their regular functionary, the *Graf* or *comes*. What is meant, too, by "indeterminate subdivisions?" Neither was there at this period "a hierarchy of chiefs"; the dukes were not governors of the larger provinces, and the counts of "subordinate ones." The counts were *co-ordinate* with the dukes, but governed only one *Gau* each, while the dukes had two or more temporarily united. Again, it is not at all correct to say (p. 55) that the Roman municipal system continued in northern Gaul, with more or less modification, until "the close Latin municipality gradually passed into a more popular body, which was to become the 'commune' or the 'commonalty' of later times." This statement would be overdrawn even for southern Gaul and Italy, where the municipal life came much more near to being continuous.

The Witchery of Archery. A Complete Manual of Archery, with some chapters of adventures by field and flood, and an appendix containing practical directions for the manufacture and use of archery implements. By Maurice Thompson. Illustrated. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878.)—In spite of its touch of clap-trap in the title, the 'Witchery of Archery' is a sensible little book for which we forebode success. Almost any occupation which keeps people out of doors and amused is so far good, and in this country fashions spread with such an unchecked flow that Mr. Thompson may not unreasonably expect youths and maidens to order their bows and arrows next spring with the rest of their summer outfit. He writes as an enthusiast for his sport, and shows the hopefulness, quick observation, and endurance appropriate to sportsmen, and he gives, by-the-by, vivacious descriptions of Southern birds and trees, swamps and snakes. We do not know how far his directions to incipient archers apply to northern climates; but in either North or South we must protest against woodpeckers as the chosen target for beginners. Snowy herons and wild ducks may be appropriate game, but leave us our home birds, with the tapping or chirping or whistling which are sweet from association. Wallace describes a fashion of shooting which certainly has its advantages, and which we offer as a suggestion to Mr. Thompson. In the Arru islands the natives shoot the birds-of-paradise "with a bow and arrow, the arrow having a conical wooden cap

fitted to the end as large as a tea-cup, so as to kill the bird by the violence of the blow, without shedding blood or making any wound."

How to Parse. By E. A. Abbott. (Boston: Roberts Bros. 1878.)—We recommend this little book to the careful attention of teachers and others interested in instruction. We do not agree with the author in all his rules and statements. We are inclined to suspect that he attaches too much importance to parsing, as parsing. Again, a more comprehensive study of Indo-European philology in general, and of Germanic philology in particular, would perhaps lead him to modify some of his views. Nevertheless, as a vigorous attempt to relieve "parsing" of its arbitrariness and to explain, on historical or on logical principles, even the more complicated constructions of our language, Dr. Abbott's manual is deserving of warm praise. The sections which treat of the "Subjunctive Mood" and of "Irregularities" are especially valuable. In the hands of an able teacher the book should help to relieve parsing from the reproach of being the bane of the school-room. The Etymological Glossary of Grammatical Terms will also supply a long-felt want, although it is not quite as complete as we could have desired. For instance, while "cognate," as applied to the object-accusative, is defined, we find no mention of the "factive" accusative.

Texts from the Buddhist Canon Dhammapada. By Samuel Beal. [Vol. XII. of the English and Foreign Philosophical Library.] (Boston: Houghton & Osgood. 1878.)—This is a translation, or rather a free abstract, by a competent scholar of an old Chinese version of the Dhammapada. It was formerly supposed that no copy of the Dhammapada existed in China, but the editor had the good fortune to discover four Chinese works closely resembling the Pali version. The one which he has selected for his rendering is the second, the *Fa-Kheu-pi-fu*, made by two Shamans of the western Tsin dynasty (A.D. 265 to 313). His object has been, not to institute a comparison between the Pali and Chinese copies of the Dhammapada, but "to show the method adopted by the early Buddhist teachers and preachers who were mainly instrumental in

diffusing a knowledge of this religion through the Eastern world. The simple method of Parable was the one used." The editor adds that this work has strengthened him in his conviction that the primitive idea of Nirvana was that of "a state of rest and peace, resulting from the absence of sorrow and the delusions of sense." He also expresses the hope that students may be induced to take up the subject of Buddhism in China; for until its principles and terminology are thoroughly understood it will be impossible to place Christian doctrine clearly before the people.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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